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ANTHOLOGY

NEWSPAPER VERSE

FOR 1924

Sixth Annual Issue

Edited by

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ALICE

Enid, Oklahoma.

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TO

SCOTTIE MCKENZIE FRASIER

*"Wherever your feet may wander,
Wherever your fancies stray,
The paths that you walk are golden,
For there is the sunshine way."*

INTRODUCTION

The year just passing has been a tranquil and thoughtful one for the American people as shown by the National barometer—newspaper verse. There have been but few events that disturbed the nation. More poems of high quality appeared than in any year since this work was first published. Many of these poems compare favorably with the best that appeared in any publication, and show that the poet who sings for the pleasure of the song, as all newspaper poets must, often produces a quality of work that is entitled to live.

Poems on the passing of Woodrow Wilson naturally led in the number of those on current events. These came from all parts of the country, showing that the death of the war president was felt throughout the land. While there were not near so many poems on the death of former President Wilson as there were on President Harding in the previous year, many of the former were of high quality.

A subject of considerable importance in the east, and especially in Maryland was the Shot Tower at Baltimore. So many poems on this theme appeared that it was deemed of sufficient importance to secure information regarding all this interest in the Shot Tower. Shot Towers are not a subject of common conversation in Oklahoma, although most of our esteemed citizens are not unfamiliar with the workings of the self-feeding pistol and may be considered fairly good shots in cases of emergency. The following from

an editorial in *The Circle*, a journal of verse, published in Baltimore, throws some light on the Shot Tower excitement:

“Baltimore for the last two months has been torn from root to illimitable spaces by the prospect of having one of its most valuable landmarks razed! Its Shot Tower, builded in 1839, has long been one of the magnets of interest for visitors to the city. Modeled after the old world plan of similar towers, it is now the only one left in the world. This must give it value for all Americans.”

The Baltimore newspapers put on a Shot Tower poetry contest. The first prizes (there were two first prizes!) went to William James Price, editor of *Interludes*, a poetry journal, and Gay Walton Banks, Society Editor of the *Baltimore News*. Both of these poems appear in this work. Through the interest aroused by these contests the people rallied to the call of the committee and the necessary funds were raised to save the Shot Tower to Baltimore, at a time when the private owners had decreed the tower should be razed.

The idea of newspapers offering cash prizes for poems on subjects of local importance would be an excellent one to arouse public interest in any civic improvement plan.

There were not nearly so many poems published in the newspapers in 1924 as in the last four or five years. Very few newspapers pay for verse, hence newspaper poetry is not written for gain, but to express the writer's reaction to current events, or because of the inherent urge to sing his song.

The death of the son of President Coolidge

touched the sympathies of the people of all parts of the country, and many were the poems of sympathy that were published.

As usual there were a number of poems to the memory of former President Roosevelt.

Among the interesting things gleaned from reading many thousands of newspaper poems is the fact that no frivolous or trivial poems come from the State of Utah. All poems that I have received from this state have been of a serious and generally of a religious trend.

More poems using flowers as a theme appeared than on any other subject.

It was interesting to note that so many men contributed verse to the newspapers this year. Lawyers and the heads of big business firms led among the men who turned to verse to find expression.

Quite a number of unusual and long-forgotten themes appeared. Those of us who lived in the lumber wagon days will remember:

"Her What-Not made of spools and picture cord,
With two light shelves of slightly warping wood;
Her treasures still upon them."

And, then, there was the water-witch, who could take a forked stick and find the proper place to dig a well to be sure of finding water:

"Give him a forked stick, cherry or sweet-apple,
And he can show you where the ground waters hide."

In those other days we sang a song of over the hills to the poorhouse; now:

"The wild rose blooms in its beauty rare
Beside the poorhouse road."

As boys, following the shadow of Captain
Kidd:

“We buried our fortunes of marbles and shot
And a rusty revolver—and glass
In a box which has long ago fallen apart
Beneath the green roots of the grass.”

Franklyn Pierre Davis.

THE TOWN OF GREEN WINDOWS.

*And why they painted their shutters green
Is more than a fellow could tell—*

Perhaps it's hard for their ears to hear
The growl of the coal-mine hell,
For their eyes to see the wallowing 'dust—
For their faces to feel the glare,
The hard and bitter tears of the earth
That flow from the tipples there.

But they went and bought them a can and brush
And thought of the years at home . . .
When a stone-cut road led over the plain
To the splendor of ancient Rome,
To the vines and waters and olive trees—
To the marble feet of a saint:
And here on our prairie they found their own
In a quart of the bright green paint.

It's splintered and dusty, but young of heart,
This town by the railroad line;
Where the men are dark and the yards are small
And the bare little windows shine,
Where the brown-eyed women look from the doors
And see what there is to be seen—
What music must have been in their souls
When they painted their windows green!

*When they brushed the paint on their shutters . . .
And the color was always green.*

The Cedar Rapids Gazette. MacKinlay Kantor.

ILLUMINATION.

When I am dead, what I have felt so long
My soul shall know in clearer, purer light:
That where I loathed and hated, I was wrong;
That where I loved and pitied, I was right.

The American Hebrew. Arthur Guiterman.

THE OLD TRAPPER'S TALE.

In the storm she comes, a part of the gale—
Aye, lad, a terrible tale!
Ye've heard of the phantom White Canoe?
Twenty dead men are the crew—
Twenty dead men—missing one!
They're needing another paddler, son!

In the night she comes, in a swirl of snow;
Low, low, she's riding low.
The bowman grins as he peers ahead.
The naked tree-tops crouch in dread.
Ye must close your eyes; ye must close your ears;
For a dead man watches, a dead man steers,
And if ye look on that craft again,
Ye're lost to the sight of living men!

It's long since I heard that devil's crew.
Aye, lad, I was young as you!
To the North they rode, in a shroud of black,
Who rides to the North may never come back.

They sang a stave of a battle song,
Wild and riotous, free and strong.
My pulses stirred; my blood was fire.
The chorus mounted high and higher!
There's one leans out and over the bow,
Far, far. I can see him now!
We're eye to eye! Will I ride? Will I ride?
There's an empty seat on the nearer side!
A shout of laughter; a grip; a pull!
God! God! *The thwarts are full!*

The New York Times. *Vilda Sauvage Owens.*

MY LITTLE TOWN.

"She's not been back for many a year,"
They say; they never know I'm near.
For where my wistful dreaming goes
No shadow ever shows.

I walk the quiet streets and see
No change with all the years. For me,
The elms branch still above our lawn
And not a friend is gone.

"She's not been back," they say, nor look
Where sunlight dances on the brook.
In peaceful rooms they never see
The child I used to be.

Perhaps at dusk the still streets know;
They, too, remember long ago.
Perhaps they guess, since I am there,
How yearningly I care.

But I shall never speed across
The long, long miles, to learn of loss,
To find the old town new and strange—
For me it does not change.

The New York Times.

Hilda Morris.

VASES.

Two vases stood on the Shelf of Life,
As Love came by to look;
One was of priceless cloisonne,
The other of solid common clay.
Which do you think Love took?

He took them both from the Shelf of Life;
He took them both with a smile;
He clasped them both with his finger tips,
And touched them both with caressing lips,
And held them both for a while.

From tired hands Love let them fall,
And never a word was spoken.
One was of priceless cloisonne,
The other of solid common clay.
Which do you think was broken?

The New York Sun.

Nan Terrell Reed.

EARTH MAGIC.

Fernando's eyes stare past you gray as rain,
His body's limber as a bough and straight.
You speak to him, he never seems to hear,
And then he answers you a minute late.

His gift—his father had the trick before him—
Makes him a person in the country-side.
Give him a forked stick, cherry or sweet apple,
And he can show you where ground waters
hide.

He lurches over our green hills and holds
A fresh branch in his grimy, vise-shut fists,
The fork straight up until water's near,
Then in his grasp its very fibre twists.

The high point swoops — Fernando stops and
waits,
Turns his stick up again and holds it fast!
And when it answers to the water's call,
He nods and grins his weasel grin at last.

"Your spring's right here," he says, "some eight
foot down,
I make it, though I ain't so good on knowin'
The depth as father. He could always tell,
But you dig here, and keep right on a-goin'."

Magic so old, so simple, and so strange!
To be the medium between a spring
Deep underground and a bough's love of it—
Truth has sometimes an odd and pagan ring.

And why Fernando? Scarce articulate
As brooks and windy branches, one with these
He speaks an older language when he tells
The secrets he and earth know and the trees.

The New York Sun.

Helen Ives Gilchrist.

SENTENCE AT PARTING.

So strange was our farewell to each other;
A light kiss only, and a lighter embrace;
The flip of a coin were not more careless;
Tomorrow, or never, to see your face.

Eyes, drinking deep against the hunger
Of the lone, work-drunken days to come,
Read, all unwillingly, their warrant—
The soul betrays when the voice is dumb.

A laugh, and a jest, and a light caressing—
So easy it was, after all, to part;
If this be fate, then meet it bravely—
With dust on the lips and ice in the heart.

The American Hebrew.

Mabel J. Bourquin.

A BUGLE AT BELLEAU.

June 6, 1918.

(They are talking of placing a bugler permanently at Belleau Wood to sound taps every evening in honor of the Americans who fell there.)

A bugle blows at Belleau; sweet and clear the
notes go winging
Through thickets thronged with memories;
down pathways dense with dreams,
Far-flung, the echoes mingle with the village ves-
pers ringing,
Where faint within the cottage doors a twilight
candle gleams.

In humble homes the peasant folk the story are
retelling
Of days when war mad bugles blew, and bells
forgot to toll.
Theirs is the understanding of the message in
this knelling—
Bugles for soldiers' spirits—and a church bell
for their soul.

The Chicago Tribune.

Louis of the Lafayette.

ANCHORAGE.

The ship that sails unballasted
May travel fast and far,
But gusty winds may dip her sheets
When tacking round the bar.
I'm weighted down, you say, with care,
And small hands hold me fast?
Then thank God for the ballasting
That helps me meet the blast!

The gay white ships go sailing forth
So light and free to roam,
But one gray bark with thin, torn sails
Is anchored close at home.
You say I'm burdened by my tasks
Keeping a hearth fire warm?
Then thank God for the anchorage
That helps me ride the storm!

The New York Sun.

Clarissa Brooks Jenks.

OLD AGE IN POVERTY.

Hold high the torch of our love, dear,
If it ever fails,
The way is steep and narrow
No other light avails.

Feed the flame of our love, dear,
With tenderness and care;
The night is cold and dismal
Without its warmth to share.

Look! Green fields lie just ahead
Lit by a strange new sun.
O, there indeed we shall be rich,
O, there we shall be young.

My step grows light, your arm grows strong,
The fields are nearly won.
We are not poor, we are not old,
Lo! Our torch, the sun!

The Mill Valley Record.

C. D. Dam

OUT OF THE JADE OF THE SEA.

Out of the jade of the sea they came
In nets that gleamed in the sun,
Gleamed with the waters of the deep—
Diamonds that shine and pearls that weep—
Out of the jade with a sea-born splash
And onto the decks in a silver flash—

Quivering fins and beating tails!
Out of the jade of the sea they came
Gasping in air like the hunted game

To dart no more in the green sea trails—
No more the lure of the racing tides. . . .

Out of the jade they came to beat
A tum-tum knell to their life's retreat;
A shower of scales in a silvered slime,
With tails that beat in rhythmic time,
Out of the jade they came to die
Below the wheeling sea-gull's cry—

Out of the deep and into the sun—

The fisherman cried, "The salmon run!
The salmon run, a million head—
With their bellies fat and their gills blood-red—
Go for the nets! We're rich as Hell!
(It's damn those fish and the way they smell!)"
Out of the jade of the sea they came

In nets that gleamed in the sun,
Onto the decks in a silver flame
(That an old tin can might bear their name),
Out of the jade of the sea they came

In nets that gleamed in the sun.

The Argus.

Helen Emma Maring.

HUDDLESTUN'S BRIDGE.

Oh! Captain Kidd was a terrible blade
And the pirate La Fitte was cruel,
The men who scoured the seven seas
Have buried full many a jewel. . . .
But I sing of the pirates who tunnelled a hole
When they planted their spoils in the ridge
Of the mellowing mound which follows the creek,
In the shadow of Huddlestun's Bridge.

And they didn't have knives or earrings of gold—
Their breeches were never of silk,
And their slim young bodies were not of bronze,
But whiter than foaming milk;
Yet the flag that flew from their oaken staff
Was fearsome as Death—and as harsh
When they heaped the earth, and buried a box
In the tangle of Huddlestun's Marsh.

The Fisher boys were the wickedest gang
Who ever stole cherries or corn.
They plotted and planned and schemed in the
woods;
Their cry of alarm was a horn
Which somebody used for summoning cows,
In the days before Andy and Bill
And Kennie and Ralph and the rest of the boys
Cursed the pasture by Huddlestun's Hill.

We buried our fortune of marbles and shot
And a rusty revolver—and glass,
In a box which has long ago fallen apart
Beneath the green roots of the grass—
But we swore on our laths that we never would
tell
Why we laid the great treasure away,
And there hasn't a one of us broken the vow
Though some are bald-headed, or gray. . . .

Oh, the scoundrels who shuddered the Spanish
Main
Were fierce-eyed villains, I know;
They were the shadows we followed—their deeds
Had pointed the way we should go.
Some of the Fisher boys sleep on the hill
And though spirits are frail and are light—
I'm sure they are guarding by Huddlestun's
Bridge
The treasure we buried that night.

MacKinlay Kantor.
The Davenport Daily Times.

THE WHAT-NOT.

I noticed it before the sale began:
Her what-not, made of spools and picture cord,
With two light shelves of slightly warping
board;
Her treasure still upon them . . . shells, a fan
Carved out of one pine stick. some sailor-man
Had given her; a little childish hoard
Of "lucky-stones" in blue bead-baskets stored;
And last, a blown-glass cup inscribed "To Ann."
My memory evoked the sitting room
Where it had hung against the flowered wall
Above her sewing table; cameo-fine
I saw Ann, too; rose-silver in the gloom
Of Summer twilights that I still recall,
A bid of fifty cents . . . the "lot" was mine!
The New York Times. May Folwell Hoisington.

ONE TREE.

I shall not need a forest to
Complete my happiness,
When I shall build at last for peace
And days grow less.
Oh. I have loved the thick deep woods
Peopled with sentinels—
Full-lipped in spring. breasted in snow—
Leaf songs, wind bells;
But I shall be content if I
May have one tree, just one,
Before my door, companioning me
At set of sun.
Each leafy melody will be
The more in solo strain,
Each drinnin' bough the lovelier lute
After the rain.
One tree. just one, will satisfy
When I can no more go
To hold communion with the hosts
Of trees I know.
The Cincinnati Times-Star. George Elliston.

DEERHURST—IN THE HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO.

Where the green in the trees waits till summer is
through

Ere changing to crimson and gold,
Where the sky overhead spreads a limitless blue
Cloud curtained in beauty untold,
Where the haze haunted hills and the valleys be-
tween

Add charm to the visions most fair,
And the sparkling lake, like an emerald green,
Delights all with its pleasures rare.

Where cool breezes linger and temper the days,
While birds are astir everywhere,
And incite you to join in their chorus of praise,
Dispelling all sadness and care.

Where the mosses yield soft to your wandering
tread,

And shady nooks lure you to rest,
Where the pondrous rocks speak of aeons long
dead,

While you muse on ages more blest.

Where blithe nature prevails and her magic em-
ploys

To charm you wherever you roam,
Where every glad hour brings its health-laden joys
From dawn until evening's soft gloam.

Where the glorious moon pilots lovers or friends
On shore or in gliding canoe.

Where you cast a deep sigh when the pleasure
all ends,

And regret your sojourn is through.

The Toronto Sunday World. *Millard S. Burns.*

THANKSGIVING.

Not like the Pharisee of old,
Give thanks to God this day,
But rather like the Publican,
Bend low, and humbly pray.

The Buffalo Enquirer.

Edward J. Denneen.

IN MEMORY OF WOODROW WILSON.

"While Old Glory was at half-mast, in memory of the dead war president, at Elko, Nevada, a great American eagle came and alighted upon the top of the flag-pole, remaining about ten minutes. An eagle had not been known to do that since the flag was at half-mast for General Grant, when the same thing took place. This created considerable comment around the inter-mountain country."

Perhaps the fearless eagle
Flying over all
Sensed the great misfortune
Of a comrade's fall;
Or a kindred spirit
On its farewell flight,
Lingered for a moment
Near you, bird of might.

Mourn not, mighty falcon,
As a prisoner, pale,
Leaves on tardy pardon
A grim and gloomy jail—
So his noble spirit
Fled this earth away,
His memory immortal
To illumine a new day.

Heraldic bird of freedom,
Folding pensive wings,
Brooding where Old Glory
Half-masted, sadly swings;
Then spreading these great pinions
And high to heavens soar,
Symbol of his ideals
To guide us evermore.

The Salt Lake Tribune.

Mrs. Clifton Brooks.

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF WOODROW WILSON.

Night's blackest pall falls upon me, shrouding
My woe from the world. I would cry my sorrow
Aloud; but my voice falters in my throat
And I am speechless. I would weep; but all
My tears are shed for him who died belated
Or else dried up with grief and utterly

Consumed in lamentation. Words are powerless
To tell the agony that now bereaves me,
The passion of despair that turns my heart
To water, the eternal doom of failure,
On me. Sound, tears, words, are only toys
To tempt me from atonement!

The trees that lately bore sweet fruit, the fields
That yielded up full ears of corn, the flowering
Bushes bent with bloom, o'ernight were blasted
By decay; sheathed in silvern ice, they shudder
And turn white with terror. O'ernight I, too,
Have grown gray with grief; for the hand of death
Is in my heart.

Here in my heart is a sorrow greater
Than any in all the world. Not anger,
Hatred nor self-loss mingle in my grief.
An element sublimated. vital
And vigorous, a spiritual liquid air,
Has wrought upon my trivial self;
Immobile, a statue cold as in death.
I stand, robbed of motion, thought and feeling.

Incense ascends from all the altars
Of the world to honor him whom lately
We betrayed. Myriads kneeling. weeping,
Pray for the tormented soul of him
We crucified. And one. arch-Judas of the age,
"Pays tribute to the departed leader."
To him who is beyond all praise and blame!
Nations unite in sorrow at his death
And name him great. Word of his death circles
The earth; prostrate are uncounted thousands
Who never saw his face nor heard his voice.
Thirty days of mourning shall there be
And all the flags at half-mast fly; a decent
Burial and an eloquent epitaph
Will be provided.

But tell me if these mouthings of regret
And these formal words of commendation
Can undo our sin or strike the black disgrace
From out our bosoms?

Later, we shall set bronzen monuments
Upon high hills where all may see the sun
Set fire to the metal figure. But who
Will set fire to our hard hearts? We shall place
The withered body in a marble tomb
And seal the door. But I prophesy now
The spirit will rise and pass the portals
Of the prison where we lodged him. Angelic
Michael, with a flaming sword, may he come
Again, waking us to life, conquering
All the foes of mankind, setting hate to flight!

What would he care for our praise or our tears?
They are as empty as the Dead Sea fruit
We gave him when he asked for bread. He asked
For love; we stoned him, smirching him with lies.

But these words echo hollowly in my heart.
Why can I not speak and ask forgiveness?
We are guilty, we are guilty, in the sight
Of God; and we render up a facile request
For mercy, meanwhile sending flowers
To the funeral. We slew this man. Should not
The sight of his dead body rouse memories
In us of our own blood-stained palms, the dagger
In our secret closet, and the murderous moment
When we struck the assassin's blow?

But no, we escort the corpse to the grave,
Tolling the great bells all the while, and pray
For the soul of the dead man, then leave
A card of sympathy for the widow.

O God in heaven, this not a little grief
That lies upon me, not a sorrow
To be forgotten soon, not a sin ever
To be expiated. Melt this heart, by woe
Congealed! Free it from these icy bands! Must
The remembrance of my sin follow me all my life?

We are all traitors. That which is best
We hated. That which is hard we avoided.
That which is good we slandered. That which
is just
We murdered. And today we wander, lost
And bewildered in our folly.

But what of him? He is high above us,
We profane his memory to speak of him.
Not even a single rose dare I drop
On his new-made grave lest God strike me dead.
Secure, he dwells above all earth-bound strife.
If on his sorrowful way he had nor love
Nor justice to companion him, he yet went on,
His will unbroken, his faith undismayed.

So I say, let be! Blind, we saw not
Our duty. God can not help us now. But he
Is at peace at last; for that thank God.

But I, I shall go into the desert,
There to beat my breast and heap ashes
On my head all the days of my life. For I—
And all the world—saw the man and knew him
not.

Elizabeth McCausland.

The Springfield Republican.

WOODROW WILSON.

A heavenly vision, born of love and faith,
Ensnared his heart, but we who lived by hate
Refused to see. He opened wide the gate
To universal peace, and bade the wraith
Of war depart forever from the earth.
Alas! we groveled in the mire; in gold
We put our trust; for stocks and bonds we sold
His dream, which might have brought new worlds
to birth.

He took the cross, alone, but could not bear
The load of shame we placed upon his heart,
At last he fell, and sought to dwell apart.
But he could not forget, nor cease to care
That we had failed to see love's saving gleam,
That we had scorned God's strange and wondrous
dream.

The Chicago Post.

Thomas Curtis Clark.

WOODROW WILSON.

(1856-1924)

Strange justice walks abroad tonight.

The pale, forsaken figure, whose
Exalted quest was peace, has found
The peace none may refuse.

Teacher, Statesman, Leader freed
From living strife and mortal pain—
Exhausted with the weight of dreams
And hopes too great to gain.

Beside the Thames, they share tonight
Potomac's sorrow and goodbye
For him who rose, when aid was life,
A comrade and ally.

On Paris streets, young soldiers pause
To talk of him who sought to bring
On sown, green fields of home, an end
To war's red harvesting.

Beyond the Rhine, the vanquished know
No greed of empire touched his brain,
But faith more sovereign than power
And greater than domain.

The tongue that stirred a half a world
Is silent now; at rest the mind
That knew the ultimate of praise
And venom of mankind.

Slow to the tomb the body goes—
Timed to no dim drum;
*Let those who scorned his faith stand forth
And scoff his martyrdom!*

The New Freedom.

Donald Gillies.

WOODROW WILSON.

I.

Those crucified for Freedom can not die:
Such are not born to taste caluminous death—
They view Truth's beckoning hand with quick'n-
ing breath
The where Old Glory floats against the sky;
By this we know that immortality
Attends their footsteps—they who patient,
brave
The world's cross-currents, past the impotent
grave,
Like Lincoln—'neath the Light of Calvary.

"Peace on the earth." They voicing the divine
Read in the stars the fate of Greed and Might—
The recrudescient Primitive man, and seal
Upon Oblivion's tomb their death-head sign—
"These carved an open tomb for martyred Right
With Wrong—a gaping wound that would not
heal."

II.

He came with that large utterance given the
Great
Whose vision sweeps the horizons of men,
And treads the marge of the divine. As when
One's path lies plain, tho troubled, yet sedate
Beneath Truth's Polar star, he helmed the State,
Nor changed his course, nor swerved for Pagan
Wrong,
Nor lesser craft, nor senile fears, for strong
The tides that bear his Manifest elate!

To him, the hand of sky-born Liberty—
Handmaiden rare of Justice, earthward lent
The armor of invincible Truth. Full meet
He bore the banner of the militant Free,
To prove that Justice is Omnipotent,
Nor all the wiles of men may bind her feet.

The Chicago Post.

William Crellin Kenyon.

WOODROW WILSON

The eagle has passed on! . . . into the blue . . .
And all the chattering of the sparrows dies,
They could not bear to see the eagle rise
Beyond the reaches that their small wings knew,
Above the housetops they could compass, too—
But though they strove to blind the eagle's eyes
With fluttering wings . . . to stay him with
their cries,
He rose and passed—above, beyond their view.

An eagle always is a lonely one—
The far heights call to him and he must go;
But little birds can not look on the sun,
And what an eagle knows they can not know . . .
When he is gone the small ones know, at last,
That there, above their head, an eagle passed!

Roselle Mercier Montgomery.
The New York World.

WOODROW WILSON.

Death found him as he faced his foes,
Clear eyed and unafraid.
Courageously his spirit goes
Into the mortal shade.
He laid him down like a banner torn
In battle, like a rapier worn
To the hilt in the fight for Freeman born—
Calmly and undismayed.

Death found him ready. Courage shone
In midst of agony,
With head unbowed his goal was won
With knightly dignity.
Mayhap the pomp of Paris streamed
Across his vision—but there gleamed
More glorious visions that he dreamed—
As he faced the end alone.

.

The path of glory ends; the bier
Awaits his last repose.
His race is run, his record clear—
How clear the Lord God knows,
He'd have no mourning, wild regret,
He stood apart from the world—and yet
A tower has fallen, a star has set,
Though the light from the star still glows.

The Baltimore Post.

Nelson Robins.

WOODROW WILSON—1856-1924

The chill of No Man's Land had touched his lips
They shaped the phrase his simplest soldiers
knew,

And "I am ready," Wilson said. So sips
One who accepts the cup, whate'er the brew.

Not his that hell-broth Europe stirred and quaffed;
He must have prayed, "Take Thou this cup from
me!"

And yet he drained it—else a world had laughed
To scorn its hope and faith: democracy.

He served and saved the faith; his banner bore
A strange device, *Idealist*, alone
He thought and fought when others thrust no
more

Against unthinking, selfish ranks—*their own!*

He fought for victory . . . he fell for peace,
For brotherhood that would not fight again.
He asked a suffering world to choose release
From sick and spiteful hates of men for men.

And we denied him. He was ready, still,
To take defeat and broken body away,
To hold calm purpose he might not fulfill—
The clear white mind burned on. It burns today!

An enemy once framed a verdict sure,
That all his meaning and its greatness caught
"Only one conqueror's work will long endure—
One conqueror's work"—said Harden—"Wil-
son's thought."

Marguerite Mooers Marshall.
The New York World.

WOODROW WILSON ARISEN.

Bitter hate and harsh reproaches no more shall
fall upon you,
Nor the burdens of a nation in a sorrow-stricken
world,
Nor the tears of those who loved you, pure hearts
who shared the Vision
E'er your clarion word was silenced and your
mighty pinions furled.

As on high the gates of morning open wide to bid
you enter,
The veiling mists of glory are dissolved and
rent in twain,
While the vastnesses of heaven shed an afterglow
of splendor
O'er a world forspent with passion born of tri-
umph and of pain.

Blight of scorn no more shall touch you nor broken
body hinder,
Nor conflict bow your spirit in an agony of
shame.
You shall break bread with the prophets, you shall
stand with the immortals,
And from a lofty mountain hear the thunder
of acclaim.

The Springfield Republican.

Janet Bolton.

THE SWEETHEARTS OF '61.

Here's to the sweethearts of '61,
And the roses they twined in its story;
Bidding Godspeed to a husband or son,
With no thought of a share in its glory.
Rocking the cradle with tears in their hearts,
By lone firesides when children were crying,
Nursing the wounded and sick as their part
In the struggle where loved ones were dying;
Patiently sewing the stars on the blue,
Perhaps dear ones might die in defending,
Knitting mens' souls in a bond strong and true,
To the glory of women, unending.

Champaign News-Gazette.

Jack Lawder.

WET PAVEMENTS.

Wet black pavements in the dripping of the rain—
Wet black pavements are mirroring plain
Magic of colors in the streets at night,
Magic of colors, when signs drip light;
When booths are brandishing torches bold;
When blazing windows burst with gold;
When a string of trolleys, that lazily sprawls,
A flaming yellow caterpillar crawls.
And so I wander and marvel to see
How streets, thick-layered with witchery
Glow like a Grand Bazaar of dreams,
In shimmer of flagstone and asphalt's gleams. . . .
Then as I move in the sleek wet night,
Chameleon-flagstones, seething bright,
Smolder and sizzle with misty gold;
Till it seems that the pavements hold
Glimmering galleons and treasure ships,
Blazing with disaster that spurts and drips . . .
Soon as the galleons drown and fill,
Out of their tar-black fissure spill,—
Out of the gaping cracks in their hulks,
Ingots and topazes of dazzling bulks,
That, trailing a sulphurous fiery track,
Smoke in waters of velvet black. . . .

*Oh, there's nothing that's as wonderful to me—
Nothing is as wonderful as when I see
Magic so startling and magic so plain
As wet black pavements in the soft night rain:*

The American Hebrew.

Louis Ginsberg.

THIS PALE WHITE ROSE

She watched 'em going
Steadily, silently,
Down through a century
Of bushy swales
And sloughs the farmers
Drained out, later.

She put up her hand
Occasionally, and if
Her thorny finger-tips
Tore at the muddy hair
On the legs of the ponies,
Whose business was it
But her'n?

Tried to keep,
Tried to hold 'em, she did—
But on they went . . .
Fading out along the blue ridges
Where the I. C. runs, now.
And they always were wrapped
In a deep, sad symphony
Of dusky blankets,
With the smell of wood ashes
And meat grease in 'em.

They blew out t'ward Dakoty—
Long time ago.
Yes, and son,
You can go up the field
And find the graves
They left behind 'em;
And when the moon
Is wavering up out of the river,
They say you can hear her
Singing, and asking them
To come back. . . .

But on they went
Up into Dakoty,
With their fretting ponies' feet;
And the smell of sweaty blankets
And flag-root.

This white rose, that once
Was pink,
She seen 'em go.

Son, don't you ever grub out
Them brier bushes. . . .

The Des Moines Register. *MacKinlay Kantor.*

DECEMBER.

Here on the hearth gleams the last red ember,
Glowing more faintly as the night wears on.
Now must the heart urge the soul to remember
Fires that it fancied in days that are gone.

Ice and the wind and ghouls of December—
Oh, pity the heart that must leave with the year!
This is the custom, and some will remember
Pity for me that the end is so near.

This is the custom, yet why should I sorrow
Here by a hearth that is flameless and cold!
Where is adventure like that of tomorrow,
When stars and their secrets my soul shall behold!

The Kansas City Star.

Lowe W. Wren.

THE PROMISE KEPT.

In slippers she came by quite oddly
Her fairy feet flashed through the dance.
Long ago had her heart, false, ungodly,
Forgot lover lost in far France.

Her eyes held a dare and a warning
And laughter lay light on her lips,
While shoulders as fair as the morning
Kept time with her rhythmical hips.

But soon through her being fear's magic
Crisped strands of her soft clinging hair
For message, grave-haunted and tragic
Lined face with grim horror's despair.

"Again, as I promised, I glance in"—
Love's whisper that left her undone!—
"The slippers, my darling, you dance in
Were made from my skin by the Hun."

The Albany Democrat.

Oscar H. Roesner.

LINCOLN.

Long years have travailed to the end that here,
Thy sculptured image, noble Lincoln stands,
Whilst I, an idle dreamer, pause and muse.
Thou wast not crushed by man's dread burden,
 nay,
Thy strength was gathered both to bear and give;
Against blind Fate's decree thou didst not rage,
But taught thy brother man a better way
To master pain and dark adversity.
To look upon his fellow man with love,
And do his work as unto God alone,
To find the truth of his deep, inner self,
And measure ev'ry thought and deed with Truth.

We feel as we upon thy statue gaze
Man's crown of joy is given when he sees
Himself as bearer of the holy flame of God,
The tiny spark that centuries have nursed.
Delight more personal doth surge and flow
When each of us is brought to realize
That this true light is his, to overcome
The dark and grim of his environment,
If he has faith, and hope and charity,
And knows, like thee, the mystic energy
That drives the soul that is at one with God.

May we, if in the time to come we would
With worldly falsehood weakly compromise,
Swiftly recall our loved leader's face,
And see the lines that pain has written there,
Deep anguish born of woes like unto ours,
Then, should the voice that ever guided him,
From silent deeps but whisper forth our name,
May we respond to that angelic tone,
Which is surcharged with God's most awful power,
And without question may we swiftly turn,
Obeying, as did Lincoln, to the end.

Mill Valley Record.

Joan Woodward.

THE WOODLAND DEPTHS.

God's gardens are the woodland depths,
He loves to labor there;
For trees are plants of larger growth
That He has reared with care.
He waters them from boundless skies
And pours His sunshine through,
Then, in the night, He decks their jade
With Heaven's jewels, too.
And ev'ry hour, long as they live,
He binds new moorings fast
To anchorage of earth and rock
'Gainst torrent and the blast.

He spreads deep shadows round about
And hangs a leafy screen
Where bird and beast in Paradise
May live and thrive unseen.
When autumn turns the leaves to gold
He plucks them day by day.
And one by one He fashions them—
A carpet soft and gay.
Soon, too, He weaves a coverlet
From downy flakes of snow
And tucks it in—like mother does—
To warm each drowsy toe.

The Buffalo Enquirer.

Edward J. Denneen.

CALVIN—FATHER AND SON.

(News Recorded by Radio.)

We listened to the burdened air;
And some of us were bowed in prayer;
While people waited, everywhere . . .
Then came the word that cleft the night
As swiftly as a comet's flight;
The boy had lost his gallant fight . . .
The slim young soul had passed the marge
Of worlds we know; the moon's pale targe
Was left behind; his goal more large.
We seemed to hear the cry of one—
The age old cry for Absalom:
"My son . . . My son . . ."

The summer night seemed turned to stone;
The men convening breathed a groan;
And all gave way to grief, alone,
We mothers crept to little beds,
And kissed, with anguish, little heads,
Our own hearts stabbed by mother dreads.
While fathers set their lips, and bent
Before that figure, stern and spent;
And shared a father's sacrament
They seemed to hear the cry of one—
The age old cry for Absalom:
"My son . . . My son . . ."

A discipline that does not veer,
Will help our grieving leader steer
The ship of state—with freight of fear.
We fellow men, by night, may see
Beneath the sky's high heraldry
A figure of supremacy.
And figurehead of boyish mien;
Pure eyed and smiling, straight and clean;
Victorious youth, secure, serene,
We'll seem to hear the cry of one—
The age old cry for Absalom:
"My son . . . My son . . ."

So Youth forever comes and goes,
And gives to Age the much it knows;
The triumphs, solace, heartache, woes,
Authority—through loss or gain—
Beclimates the man inured to pain,
Who strives—that others may attain. . . .
But, as we watch our Helmsman, there,
We'll hear a cry upon the air,
And fall upon our knees, in prayer,
For it will be the cry of one—
The age old cry for Absalom:
"My son . . . My son . . ."

The New York Sun.

Ruth Mason Rice.

IN MEMORIAM.

I think he must have been so loath to go!
Life wears—at sixteen—such a gallant face,
The door not yet quite closed on boyish things,
The road to manhood just outside, each day
Sealing a promise with the setting sun.
We must not think of him as dead, for that
Young courage of the high-held head lives on,
And knows a wider, greener world than ours,
Rejoices in a sun more gold, in stars
Made vocal by the singing breath of God . . .
Oh, there are playfields, there in Paradise,
And happy comrades; there is work for hands
So young and willing; there are trees and bloom
And sunlit vistas for the dear young eyes,
And there is rest at night.

No tears for him

Who has eternal wisdom, now, and peace,
But for the others, whose devoted feet,
In service set, may not yet follow him,
The tears of nations fall, and in the heart,
The Universal Heart, of Parenthood,
The wound must bleed. No bars are here
Of space or rank . . . First Woman and First Man,
Mourning their son, lay spirit hands in ours,
And there's no mother in this lovely land,
Which honors them, whose seeing eyes are dry . . .
He has not died . . . that tall, beloved boy,
But they, they die a hundred little deaths—
Remembering,

God, give them comfort, now—

Strength of Your hills, and courage of Your skies;
Be with them in that lonely, ancient house;
Be with that father who has lost his son,
For just this little earth-while; be with her,
Who thinks back to the baby at her breast
And knows, as peasant-heart or Queen must know,
The stark immensity of mother grief
And devastating tears.

God, help her now!

The New York Times.

Faith Baldwin.

PERCY HAUGHTON.

He saw at last the red dawn rise
From the darkness deep as night;
He saw a new light sweep the skies
Above a winning fight;
And as he passed beyond the hill
Where darker days had gone,
He left his flaming spirit still
To guide his troopers on.

He saw, near by, the once dim goal
Now distant but a span;
He saw the once furled flag unroll
Above a winning clan;
For he had scaled the barricade
To lead his troopers through
Before night sent its mantling shade
To blur the crest from view.

A flash of steel—a flare of flame—
And down the field at last
His winning troopers leap to fame
Before the dream is past;
And somewhere out in twilight space
His soul shall keep its bond
To put new fight in those who face
The vast dim height beyond.

Grantland Rice.

The New York Herald Tribune.

OUR DEAD.

Our dead, they sleep beneath the sod;
Our dead long since have walked with God.
Our dead, who, fearless, gave up life;
Our dead, who died midst battle's strife.
Our dead, who knew Love's soft caress;
Our dead, who knew woe and distress.
Our dead, they know our hopes and fears!
Our dead, they see our bitter tears,
Some day again our dead we'll see—
We, too, shall know Eternity!

The Cincinnati Times-Star.

Alma O'Neill.

TO THE FIRST LADY.

The Nation grieves with you, the Mother heart,
Knowing the life you bravely gave has fled,
Muted—We have no words that will impart
Our sympathy, nothing can be said
To ease the black despair of those bereft
Of one who was so much a part of life,
They that suffer are the ones he left,
He has been freed from useless pain and strife.

We know with what grave vision you have
planned—

The gorgeous dreams his budding life fulfills—
As he with all his promise would expand,
All these brave plans death's clutching finger
stills,

And we, America, can understand
The aching void no solace ever fills.

The Salt Lake Tribune.

Edith Cherrington.

HOLLYHOCKS.

The streets of heaven, I've been told,
Are paved with bricks of solid gold;

The gates are all of precious stone,
And poverty's a thing unknown.

No thunder showers enter there,
For every day is dazzling fair.

Yet, strangely, I have never heard
A flower mentioned, or a bird;

And I'm quite sure that I would tire
Of playing on a golden lyre.

So, if there's room, along the walks
I think I'll plant some hollyhocks;

And soon as they begin to grow
I'll tend them with a golden hoe.

If Gabriel should pass my way,
I'm certain he'd sit down and stay.

Jacksonville Daily Journal.

Wayne Gard.

WINTER JASMINE.

Some creepers snared me in my woods today;
Jasmine! I traced the stems along the ground
Through withered leaves and snow I found
That February's tangled disarray
Of weeds and briers had not availed to stay
Their heavenward progress; now the tendrils
 wound
About an oak; up, up they climbed around
The haggard trunk and branches gaunt and grey.

The barren meshes, as I gazed on them,
Closed on my heart and, like the summer sun,
It warmed them into mystic blossoming.
They crowned grey winter with a diadem
Of April gold by fancy's fingers spun,
And, sudden, on my spirit broke the spring.
The Boston Transcript. *Mary Sinton Leitch.*

MOON OF MAY.

Over the iris in the garden closes,
Over the buds that June will know as roses,
Over the snow of cherry trees in bloom,
Over the lilacs, heavy with perfume,
Along your ancient, star-encompassed way,
Tread lightly, Moon of May, bright Moon of May.

Over the hearts of lovers where they follow
The breath of violets by slope and hollow.
Over the leafage where the oriole's nest
Trembles with all the winds, beneath her breast,
Up to heaven's quiet from the glare of day,
Rise on your cloud-laced pinions, Moon of May.

On country roads where happy passions tingle
With night-blown coolness from some wayside
 dingle,

On love, on life, on beauty bright in birth,
On all the strangeness and the joy of earth,
From your full silver urn for our today
Pour out the wine of promise, Moon of May.
Lewis Worthington Smith.

The Boston Transcript.

CROSSING THE DESERT.

The sun beats down on the desert sand,
Old Pinto plods wearily on.
The heat of hell is on this land,
Its smoke shimmers languidly.
Green grasses, flowers and trees rise
Beside swift-running, noisy waters,
Then fade away before my eyes—
Nothing is there, nothing but desert sand.
Dim in the distance against the sky,
A haven of rest, the mountains bulk.

"Oh, God! Must we die
When life lies yonder?
Must these drifted sands be our tomb
Without mark or monument?
Must this be our doom . . .
A pile of bleaching, wind-blown bones?"
.

"Come, Pinto, we can make it;
We're going thru!"

The Denver Post.

E. Richard Shipp.

MEMORIES OF ROOSEVELT.

As we look back and scan life's hazy prime
Across the waste of long forgotten years,
Some gleam divine breaks through the night
and clears
The clouds, that veil the beacon lights of Time,
Making appeal to every age and clime,
While all else in the darkness disappears.
The past is lost, with all its joys and tears;
But here and there a star with look sublime
Shines on our days with gleams from long ago.
And so will Roosevelt crown the skies to be
Like some great mountain in an after-glow,
That shades its lower slopes as tenderly
As Time hides lives we do not care to know,
With all the Highest glows in memory.

Washington Van Dusen.

The Philadelphia Bulletin.

WILD FLOWER TIME IN KANSAS.

In Kansas, when the wild flowers bloom,
And every tree is green;
When birds rejoice where once was gloom,
And all the world's serene.
Then gone are woes and sordid things,
The earth's a place sublime;
Our cares of yesterday take wings,
In Kansas when it's wild flower time.

The birds broadcast a warbled tune,
Each lowly cot's a palace
'Neath roses, while the bees commune
With every flower's chalice.
Cattle browse o'er tufted plot,
While sheep the hillside climb;
Content are they and rich their lot,
In Kansas when it's wild flower time.

What more is wealth than these wild flowers?
What songs have more of rhyme
Than gay birds at the early hours
In Kansas when it's wild flower time?

The Kansas City Times.

Robin A. Walker.

SYMBOLS.

I never see upon a hill
Cedar or pine or olive tree,
But that I think of One who died
On Calvary.

I never hear the hammer's ring
Driving the nail deep in the wood,
But that I see pale hands whose palms
Are dark with blood.

I never feel the dark come down
But that I hear a piercing cry
That tears my heart, "Eli Lama
Sabachthani."

The Virginia Pilot.

John Richard Moreland.

YELLOW BIRD.

Oh, lyric-sweet harbinger of delight,
Small innocent prisoner, you should not be
Immured and held captive so thoughtlessly,
Denied your peerless heritage of flight
Through rolling meadows radiant in sunlight,
Where go your companions unfettered, free.
All winging and carolling joyously,
Forever exulting in their birthright.

Oh, little chorister, if I were near
I know I would open your tiny gate
And bid you fly to some white blossom tree
That unto bird hearts must be ever dear.
Yes, though trespassers' law I violate,
And, they in turn, make a prisoner of me.

Agnes MacCarthy Hickey.

The New York Evening Sun.

THE TOKEN IN THE SKY.

Far down the vale a reddish glint is still
Where but a moment gone it streaked the hill,
Alert and tense it lifts a hungry eye
To view a moving angle in the sky.

Some distance on through waking elm and oak,
Below a slender thread of peaceful smoke,
A farmer cups his ear and listens long,
"They're goin' north," he cries, "and flyin'
strong!"

And now against the blue that tops the dawn,
Clearly, two stately lines are swiftly drawn—
Two lines converging like the letter "V"—
Winged by a gander to some northern sea!

The Kansas City Star. *Lowe W. Wren.*

GIBRALTERS.

(NOTE: Gibralters were hard, flinty candies originated in Old Salem. It is said that the mariners took them on voyages to prevent homesickness.)

When a lad from Salem
Sets out to sea,
He always takes gibralters
To bear him company.

Far away from Salem,
When his eyes grow dim,
These are the only things
That comfort him.

He may feel like weeping,
But he will never falter
If he chews, *chews*, CHEWS,
On a peppermint gibraltar!

The Boston Transcript.

Oliver Jenkins.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.

Fashioned out of loveliness
With rising bells to re-express
The inner purpose of thy will
To bloom with higher beauty still
If that could be
This hour for me.
And yet thy tender stem and form
Survived a winter's sleet and storm
In frozen earth
To tell the worth
Of life's vicissitudes.

And when we see this life that is
Who shall deny 'twere better far
With all its dire adversities
That breasts were bared to take their scar
For all of those
Who ever rose
Above the duress of their day
Possessed through it that nobler sway
Which holds them fast
Until at last
It makes them worthy men.

The Tradesman.

Charles A. Heath.

THE ABANDONED RANCH.

In the clear Wyoming sunlight, in the weird and
silent starlight,
Stands the old forsaken cabin, just a dot upon
the plains.
And the hearth is cold and rusty, the cellar damp
and musty;
Of the cosy home here started only ruin now
remains.
For the chimney flue has crumbled, the corrals
and sheds are tumbled,
While scattered posts still mark the spot where
once the haystack stood.
Barrel hoops and wagon tires, sun-warped boots
and bailing wires,
By the mat of chips and splinters where the
rancher chopped his wood.

In the old forsaken cabin pack-rats pile the prickly
cactus,
And the badger finds the cellar which becomes
his winter lair,
And the striped chipmunk scurries and the timid
wood-rat hurries
From the kitchen to the pantry where the wind-
swept shelves are bare.
Silent callers come exploring, moonlight nights in
summer weather—
Horses, wild and unbroken, innocent of bit or
rein;
Cautiously they sniff and wonder at the odds and
ends of plunder,
Quick to snort and wheel and bound away into
the moonlit plain.

On a nail inside the cabin door a leather vest is
swinging;
And the message in a pocket tells the story at
a glance.
Just an order from the Local Board, its fateful
summons bringing,
And we visualize the plainsman on the battle
fields of France.

THE WARRIOR PASSES

In S Street trod the fantom guard—
The men of Argonne—men of Aisne—
Who battled well and battled hard
And, sorely wounded, died in vain.
Forgotten dead were on parade—
A mangled crew, if men would know—
But still with faces undismayed,
They marched with majesty and, lo,

On S Street to the rendezvous—
The darkened house—they came at last:
The sergeant silently withdrew—
The lipless bugler shrilled a blast;
The President! The gallant call
Startled the shadows with its flame,
And from the doorway, gaunt and tall,
The President—the Chieftain came!

Martyred and old, the Chieftain came
To meet the warrior guard of death.
His brow was hurt, his body lame;
His heart was still and still his breath.
His greatness, like a shining cloak,
Obscured his broken form and bent;
The ghastly sergeant wheeled and spoke,
And rifles mounted to "Present!"

In S Street—in the street of grief—
The deathly guard of honor trod,
Bearing the spirit of their Chief
Into the cabinet of God.
How different another day!
The thundering cheers that would not cease!
When glittering Paris thronged the way
Into the rendezvous of peace!

They marched away—the guard of death—
Silent and grim behind the Great;
And phantom Youth without a breath
Whispered unto his mangled mate,
"What is the thing about his face
"That makes me dream of something dim—
"A crucifix at some torn place
"And the shell-scarred face of Him."

The Kansas City Journal Post. Hubert Kelley.

THE EUCALYPTUS FIRE.

There comes exotic music,
Breath of strange perfume,
As the firelight dances
In the crowded room.

I visited crowded cities,
Agra and Bombay,
See pirate junks in harbors
Crimson sailed and gay.

Brilliant hues processions
Of lama, bonze, and priest;
Janissaires saluting
Sultans of the East.

Lonely breakers rolling
On archipelagoes
Where the palm trees shiver,
When the monsoon blows.

Quietly the pageant
Fades before my eyes
As the golden firelight
Flickers down and dies.

The Santa Ana Daily Register. *Beulah May.*

WILD VERBENAS.

The white dune sparkles by the Sea,
And at the Sun's warm smile.
Her blushes turn to velvet bloom—
Verbenas by the mile.

In crimson coats they spring to life,
Like conquerors of old
In miniature, with trappings bright
They stage their duels bold;

They raise their stems like twinkling swords,
Their helmets then appear.
As up they prance perennially
To fence throughout the year.

Marie Tello Phillips.
The Pittsburgh Observer.

AUTUMN.

The golden Autumn's here again,
The sumac's dressed in red,
The cricket drones its last refrain,
In mem'ry of the summer dead.
With yellow curls upon its head,
The lonely maple down the street,
Will soon be stripped of ev'ry shred,
When leaves are scattered 'round its feet.
Our just reward for summer's strain,
Of toil, and strife, and sweat, and dread
Of want and loss, and stress and pain,
Is safely housed in barn and shed.
The fruited tree with measured tread,
Sways back and forth without retreat,
But braves the wind and storm instead,
When leaves are scattered 'round its feet.
The feathered flocks through sleet and rain,
Directed by that Hand that fed
And cared for them on land and main,
Are speeding South, the summer sped.
The giant oak, to terror bred,
Is bravely standing strong to greet
The Winter's cold when Autumn's fled,
When leaves are scattered 'round its feet.

ENVOY.

O Autumn, may my soul be wed
To that great Tree whose branches meet
The rim of Time when all is said,
When leaves are scattered 'round its feet.

Henry Polk Lowenstein.

The Kansas City Star.

THE DESERTED MILL.

I know a spot by a winding stream
Where tiger-lilies glow and gleam
The waters glisten as they flow
To join the waiting falls below.
Across the banks from treetops tall
The wavering lacy shadows fall;
And leaning 'gainst a neighboring hill
There stands an old deserted mill.

How oft' in summer days gone by
I've sat within its welcome shade,
And watched the trout leap in the stream
With joy at the sight they made;
I've lingered there in days of fall
When winters' tang was in the air,
And heard the quail's clear whistling call
Come sweetly from the hillside fair.

How oft' I've seen the miller stand
Within the well remembered door,
To show the farmers where to stow
The sacks of wheat upon the floor.
Then, when he ground the golden grain
The flashing wheel spun round so fast
And threw the water up so high
You could not see the spokes that passed,

But now a change lies o'er the mill,
No more the miller grinds the grain;
The flashing wheel no longer turns,
'Tis held fast by a rusty chain.
Across the floor the dust lies deep
Where once the busy farmers trod;
And high upon the mossy roof
The billing pigeons coo and nod.

I listened long, while lingering there
To hear the quails pipe from the hill;
In even that there was a change,
The sweetly subtle notes were still.
The only things that seemed unchanged
Was the mocking laughter of the rill,
And night's gray mantle settling down
Around the old deserted mill.

The Casper Daily Tribune.

Lilian L. Elgin.

COMA.

Asleep in deep, still valleys,
The old placer country lies;
Deep-dreaming and dead-seeming,
With heavy-lidded eyes;
And terraced still is every hill,
With trails that dip and rise.

The walls of those silent valleys
Re-echo the coyote's bark,
The cheery call of the valley quail,
The sweet pipe of the lark;
There the sun dips soon in the afternoon
Behind the ridges stark.

Dark pines climb the rough walls steeply
To feather each rocky crest;
Pines like blue mist smoke soft^{ly}
In spots, on the dark slope's breast.
Blue shadows fill the gulches still,
When the sun is in the West.

Ten thousand years it lay at peace,
Till they found its gold, and then
It sprang into feverish, roaring life;
Humming with eager men,
When they took the gold its streams had rolled,
It sank to its rest again.

The shacks of those delving thousands
Lie rotting, here and there;
Some tightly barred, guard ancient tools;
Some open to the air.
Now the mountain lion treads rusty iron,
Where once blazed the blacksmith's flare.

Though her noble pines are falling,
And her golden sands are run,
In her dreams she holds out widely,
Warm arms to the questing one,
As though to beguile, with her lazy smile,
With hopes of wealth unwon.

Sleeping in her still valleys,
Is she dreaming of former pride;
Or is she sleeping to gain new strength,
For a better than gold tide,
When a finer flash will grow from the ash
Of a country that flamed and died?

The New Canaan Advertiser. Orville Leonard.

A BOY.

I asked a lad, who comes my way,
And full of wisdom seems,
How it could be that his young eyes
Were made of fires and dreams.

How is it, my boy, I said, that you
Can speak with golden-rod—
And it can answer you, and then
Nod, smiling, up toward God?

How is it, lad, that your blue eyes
Can read the message far
That's hidden—anchored in the skies—
Behind that smallest star?

Why is it then—you seem to know—
That autumn leaves must sift
For countless ages to the ground—
Must fall, and whirl and drift?

What is there in the song of birds
That holds you, spellbound, where
I listen long, and never hear
The music in the air?

Ah, you—he said—you are but you,
And I am I, instead—
For I have stood at Riley's grave—
Jim Riley—who is dead!

The Indianapolis Star.

Walter Greenough.

O FLAG OF OURS.

O Flag of Ours—emblem of liberty
For which our fathers sacrificed and died—
Float by the portals of our Western sea,
New consecrated and new sanctified!
Beneath thy stars let no oppression rise;
No anarchy to cloud sweet Freedom's skies—
O Flag of Ours!

O Flag of Ours—ensign of law and right—
Unsullied still, wave o'er our Nation's halls!
Let justice reign, not selfishness or might,
To keep the record clean within our walls;
And may thy fair folds never droop in shame
Of blot or tarnish on our Country's name—
O Flag of Ours!

O Flag of Ours—dear banner born of hope,
Of trust in God, and of man's high desire—
Where fly thy colors brave from slope to slope
Let Faith be still the flaming signal fire!
Leader of armies, help dread war to cease
By leading on the great cohorts of Peace—
O Flag of Ours!

Anna Blake Mezquida.

The San Francisco Chronicle.

THE WANDERING JEW.

I am the son of the ages,
Defier of rack and stake;
The storm that uproots and that rages
Can only bend me, not break.

I am the swordless struggler
With man for man's re-birth;
I am Prometheus—the smuggler
Of heaven's fire on earth.

I am the Peddler who barter
And pays with life for faith;
I am the son of martyrs
Who conquered life through death.

I am the Nations' riddle—
Homeless in thousand homes;
When Romes are burning—my fiddle
Is playing the tune of new Romes.

I am a book whose pages
Are written in blood and in flame;
I am the son of the Ages—
The Wandering Jew is my name!

The Jewish Tribune.

P. M. Raskin.

PRESERVE THE SHOT TOWER.

White topped with mural crown and firm
Imbedded on foundation rock,
The Old Shot Tower, which served its term,
Stands doomed to be a city's mock
Of all that sentiment holds true
To make a way for something new.

Oh, people here, pray cast aside
Your venal instincts. Do and dare
That we may save for civic pride
A landmark, lofty, straight and rare.
'Tis old and worn, but fine and true;
Displace it not for something new.

The Baltimore Sun.

Gay Walton Banks.

THE SHOT TOWER SPEAKS.

I look with ancient eyes upon the city
Whose tireless traffic ever round me rolls,
I feel its pain, its passion and its pity
As well as men possessed with mortal souls.
My hands the work of many long completed:
I helped replace the saber and the sword,
Who now with calculating scorn am greeted—
The wealthy giving never thought or word.
The worldly-wise go by with hearts unheeding;
And yet my very silence calls aloud.
Will only dreamers lend the help I'm needing
To save me from the coffin and the shroud?
I link the present with the vanished past,
Must I go down in ruin at the last?

The Baltimore Sun.

William James Price.

THE SHOT TOWER OF BALTIMORE.

Tall-looming 'gainst the skyline of the town
This ancient Shot Tower keeps fair company;
There are the monuments whose glorious fame
Has blazoned Baltimore from sea to sea.

There are high steeples pointing Heavenward
That speak God's worship and His name extol;
There mighty towers of industry arise
From districts where the tides of traffic roll.

No shaft like this is found in all the land,
It represents a process from an earlier day
And stands imperishable and serene
When buildings of its kind have passed away.

Age-hallowed memories around it cling,
Fragrant with romance of the bygone days,
When dames in rich brocade went charioted
In stately splendor down the city's ways.

It tells as only ancient things may tell
Of valiant men, a statesman-warrior band,
Who saved the nation in her hour of need
And brought great honor to our Maryland.

O let no vandal hand be rashly raised
To tear this sacred, honored landmark down;
Well might the nation cry upon us "Shame!"
Who hold so light our city's fair renown.

A thousand hearts responsive hear the call,
A thousand hands shall swift and willing be
To save this symbol of a glorious past,
A reverent offering to posterity.

The Baltimore Sun.

Maria Brisco Croker.

THE DINGY STREET.

When I go to my work at morn,
The houses all along the way,
They stare at me most haughtily,
And never once, "Good Morning," say.

Their little lawns are prim and square;
No children play upon the grass;
And strangers live somewhere within;
I never see them as I pass.

But farther on there is a street,
Where close against each other stand
The dingy buildings, hugging close
The walk, as little waves the sand.

The secondhand store man comes out,
And sweeps the littered flagstones clean;
Beside the door his wife has hung
Her parrots two, of tropic green.

And from the windows overhead,
Come shouts of children unrestrained;
And trucks are standing on the curb,
And workmen there in garments stained.

The old dog sleeps within the sun,
The teamster to his horses cries;
And curiously I gaze within
Where Charlie Chong his iron plies.

When I go to my work at morn,
I love this street so gray and small—
So full of friendly throbbing life,
And smile a greeting to them all.

The Kansas City Star. *Lenna Williamson.*

IMPRESSION.

You are—
A fantasy-flower tossed from Paradise, daintily patterned.

Your fragrance—
Is of the wind and wide waters, wafted from an eternal fountain.

The touch—
Of your hand thrills me with pleasurable pain.

Your lips—
Are beckoning torches lighting untrespassed pathways . . . that I dare not follow!

The American Hebrew. *Herman E. Segelin.*

GLEANINGS FROM AN OIL TOWN.

Have you ever lived in a mushroom town,
Among the derricks tall,
The storage tanks, and the rushing trucks,
And felt the lure of it all?
Have you wandered off to a wildcat well,
Being drilled by a standard rig,
And envied the men, of Herculean strength,
Who seemed immune to fatigue?

Did you hear the throb of the engine,
Catch the sound of escaping steam,
The rhythmical sound of the steady drill,
And the clank of the sturdy beam?
Did you notice the pungent scent in the air,
As you watched in breathless suspense?
That odor which thrills the oil town man,
Like the burning of sweet incense.

Did you see how the bull wheel trembled
And shook like a palsied hand?
Did you feel the thrill as the lowered drill
Bored through the last oil sand?
And the well gushed forth with a mighty roar,
That made the timbers creak!
As the crude oil leaped from mother earth,
With a hissing, roaring shriek!

If you missed this, then you've missed half the
fun,
Of life in a mushroom town,
Where the biting steel makes mother earth yield
Her treasures from the ground.
There are those, who craving excitement,
Move off to the city to dwell,
They may do as they will, but I'll get my thrill,
As they bring in a wildcat well!

The Ardmoreite.

Bertha Heiderich Wallace.

THE CALL OF THE WEST.

From the breast of vast prairies
Where curlews wheel and cry,
And the tang of rain-washed sagebrush
On the air goes drifting by;
From the weird singing wind in the pine trees
That grow on the mountain crest,
There came to my heart, in the long ago
The luring call of the West.

It came, from blooming cactus
That covers the desert's face,
From crags, where wise old eagles
Find a snug, safe, nesting place.
It came, from camp-fire's gleaming
When the night-shades steal o'er all,
And I heard in my fanciful dreaming
The coyote's quivering call.

From waterfalls that flash and glisten
On their way to the restless sea,
The lure of the West came—calling,
Calling, clearly to me;
And sweet mariposa-lilies
That gem-like bestrew the sod
Sent out a call, to tell me
They were straight from the hand of God.

So I came, and left my dwelling
On the shore of an inland sea,
And all the great beauties of Nature
Revealed themselves to me.
I found my hope's fulfillment
Of which I came in quest
When I left my home in the distant East
And answered The Call of the West.

The Casper Tribune.

Lilian L. Elgin

JUST A LITTLE SUNBEAM.

Just a little sunbeam lighted up the place,
Fell across the baby's bed—kissed his smiling face,
Rested on the ringlets of tresses shining gold,
Adding to their luster beauties manifold.

Just a little sunbeam through the window shone,
Lovingly upon a lad, pale and sad and lone,
Soon the little invalid felt the healing balm,
On his lips a smile of hope—in his soul a calm.

Just a little sunbeam through the grating fell,
Cheering up a wayward man in a lonely cell,
Lingered on his weary face marked by years of
sin,
Put new courage in his heart—bade him hope
again.

Just a little loving from your heart and mine
Helps to lighten burdens—makes the pathway
shine
With a warmth and beauty like the sunbeam's
glow
Adding to life's happiness everywhere we go.

Mrs. Henry Armstrong.
The Collegeville Independent.

RETRIBUTION.

He did not yield her truth for trust;
Her faith she buried deep,
And while it crumbled into dust
She went to watch and weep.

To lay fresh flowers upon the mound—
But now wild grasses wave
Above the long-forgotten ground;
None knows it is a grave.

Or does she know perhaps? Alas,
Indifferently she trips
Across that space of blowing grass,
A song upon her lips.

Mary Sinton Leitch.
The Boston Transcript.

THE ABANDONED CABIN.

Abandoned cabin, broken hut of stone!
Who knows how patiently, with eager hands,
Some stalwart built you when the land was young,
Deserts unplowed, and rivers flowing free,
Dreaming the while of water in canals
And meadows lush with harvest, hay in stack,
Corn in the bin and cattle in the field?

An empire builder's castle in the waste,
A shelter for some private in the ranks
Of that vast army in the wilderness
Which sowed the seed of cities, broke the roads,
Vanquished the stubborn sagebrush and made
 green
Forbidding valleys in a waiting land.

You scattered fragments! Who once called you
 "home"?
What hazel eyes once looked through windows
 small
Eager for "his" return? What babes have cooed
With rude, home-fashioned playthings on your
 floor?
Or laughed with some pet puppy on the sill?
What grand-dad smoked his pipe beside your wall?

Perhaps in yonder city garden green
Sits now in ease a wrinkled mother who
Saw first the light of day within your walls;
Or maybe near you 'neath some broken cross
And trampled mound, lies one who once was all
Your reason for existence and your soul.

What matters if success were born in you
Or bitter failure? Happiness or pain?
You are a milestone on an empire's path
A hallowed shrine at which our pampered men
May pay respect to all the faith and hope,
Steadfastness, patience, perseverance, which
Remade the wilderness and built instead
A land of comfort and prosperity.

The Idaho Statesman.

M. M. T.

AT THE GRAVE OF A BABE.

What lies beyond this little, quiet grave,
Where silvery teardrops fall upon the sod,
And Love has steeled its heartbeats to be brave,
Is in the keeping of a Father—God.
No earthly eye has ever rested where
The dimpled feet are pressing mystic trails;
No worldly step the stroller's lot may share
Along strange hills or in bloom-spangled dales.

The wisest man, the simplest child, before
This mystery, this still, unbreathing sleep,
Are equal in their knowledge and their lore.
The key from both an unseen hand doth keep.
But Love has signed the passports of this bit
Of prized humanity our tenderness consigns
To the great Mother Arms, and it
Will link this babe with Joy's supreme designs.

Faith is our cheer where guessing all is vain.
'Tis only ours to lisp a prayer and trust
That He who showers blessings like the rain
Will not forget this gem cleared of its dust.
And so we deck this tiny mound with flowers,
Hiding with bud and leaf the crumbling clod,
Assured that in the Everlasting Hours
This darling babe will know the smile of God.
The Sioux City Journal. *Will Chamberlain.*

BACK HOME.

To live is to go on a journey.
To die is to come back home.
My shoe soles are thin with wandering,
Sticky with clay and loam.
There are marks of stones and of brambles
Where the leather is scuffed and torn,
And I must not have walked quite straight, I think,
For the heels are unevenly worn.
I shall take off my shoes and sleep and rest.
(If I dream, shall I dream that I roam?)
To live is to go on a journey.
To die is to come back home.
The New York Sun. *May Williams Ward.*

A LULLABY.

Sleep, little head of the brown curls, sleep!
Stars through the heavens are roaming,
Sleep, let thy dreaming be sweet and deep,
While father comes home through the gloaming.

Sleep, little eyes of dear wistful gray!
May God in His great love bless you!
Here's sister's kiss at the end of the day,
And sister's fond arms to caress you.

Rest, little fingers so purely white!
'Twould seem that sea foam had kissed her;
O, the wide world holds no gem tonight
So precious as dear little sister.

Rest, while the hours go hurrying by,
Lightly as not to awaken
Ere shades of night grow weary and die,
And the stars have the sky forsaken.

Rest, little one, while the day rests, too!
Roses are nodding in slumber;
The moon smiles on in her field of blue,
While the stars that we can not number

Wander away through the land of dreams,
'Till the sun comes back in splendor;
And up from the sea of golden beams
Comes the morning, serene and tender.

The Baltimore Daily Post. Eugenie Du Maurier.

MY BAROMETER.

Dear Baby, when your smile is gone,
And pain's tears dim your eyes,
The light has vanished from my day
The sun gone from the skies.

But when your eyes are bright again
Your happy song I hear,
My day is full of sunshine!
Though the clouds be dark and drear.

The Deseret Evening News. Ellen B. Richardson.

DREAM-CHILD.

Your face
Is like a half-forgotten dream
that haunts the memory.
Your hair
Shattered angel-wings floating
on the white breast of dawn.
Your form
Sweet passion-fruit
of Paradise.
You are
My first-born dream-child sitting
in majestic grace upon the
throne of my inner life.
Some day
I shall lose you, but
then you will be a
Daughter of Reality.

The American Hebrew.

Herman E. Segelin.

THE OLD MAPS TO OREGON.

Their maps, when they had maps, were charted
well
With names stretching two hundred miles or
more,
For timid wives to read the night before
The latch-string on the front door slowly fell,
Leaving them, just a moment, staring hard
Against the door, as if a door could close
Tighter the last time than the doors of those
Who had no prairie wagons in the yard.
Altho the scrawny legends overlapped
The wilderness with bitter high deceit,
Such wives at dusk could still smile when they
came
Within a smile or two of what was mapped,
Dreaming of harbor, while thick oxen feet
Drummed toward some empty place that had
a name.

Thomas Hornsby Ferril.

The Rocky Mountain News.

PREMONITIONS.

The red-bird sings in yonder tree,
And from the hills the echoes ring;
The robin, too, is on the wing—
Soon will be heard the chick-a-dee.
This is the message that they bring:
"Cheer up, good cheer, good cheer,—'tis Spring!"
And, so I'll wander out and see!

The snow and ice are scarcely gone;
They cover, here and there, the ground;
And, yet, I hear a mystic sound,
As stirs the breeze at morning's dawn.
There seems a restlessness around,
While hope doth everywhere abound,
Soft whisp'ring: "Spring is coming on!"

I'll get me home with heart of glee—
For now I know the word is true;
And soon the hills in verdure new,
Adorned with pink and green will be;
And white, and gold, and red, and blue,
Will tint a new-born world for you—
And Love will rule on land and sea!

Herbert Taylor Stephens.

The Kansas City Kansan.

POEM.

The silent sweep of the river,
The warm caress of the sun;
The grass blades all a-quiver
Where tiny air-waves run.

Twilight; a catbird singing,
Small chorister divine;
A stray bee homeward winging,
And peace in this soul o' mine.

Rose cloud and pearl cloud blending;
Wafture of woodland musk;
And—wonder that's never ending—
Your lovely face through the dusk.

The Norfolk Landmark. Edwin Carlile Litsey.

SONG OF THE RAILROAD TRAIN.

How grand by night o'er the country side
Is that wild melodious strain;
And music blown at the eventide,
Is the song of the railroad train.
Its torn strains to our fireside trill
In the throes of the blizzard blown;
Or soar on high in the tempest rain,
So shrill, the song of the railroad train,
O'er the thunder's loud detone.

Whose lonely cry can the herdsman hear
In the still 'neath the starry sky,
As it fades away o'er the prairie drear,
And the coyote's weird reply.
The Sioux bent with a startled ear
When first in the wilds it cried,
And echoed over the virgin plain,
So strange, the song of the railroad train,
And far in the foothills died.

I've heard that song in the midnight far,
From the spans of Victoria sound,
With the rumble of the tubular,
And the freight to the seaboard bound.
I've heard it rise from the Vermont hills
And float in the sunset o'er
The placid waters of Lake Champlain,
So plaint, the song of the railroad train,
And down by the wooded shore.

We listened once in the twilight shade
To the trains on the Erie far,
As they passed with many a blue brigade
To the fields of the Civil war.
The whistle blows in the gloaming still
From the bridge in the Portage glen,
Like Lincoln's call to the North again,
You hear the song of the railroad train
That passed with the Union men.

The Buffalo Express.

Mrs. John Loye.

TO DREAMERS

Oh, you who live in the faded past,
In memories sweet and proud,
Open your eyes and look about!
Wake up and live your life-span out;
On this, our brief sojourn!

And you who live in the morrow, too,
In hopes of better things,
Why doze and dote on silly schemes?
Why waste today in futile dreams
Of what tomorrow brings?

Tomorrow's a day which never comes;
The past will ne'er return!
So take with me this solemn vow,
To live our lives in the new-born now,
Nor lose one day in sloth's dull slough,
On this, our brief sojourn!

The Mill Valley Record.

Louis Leon De Jean

MIDSUMMER NIGHT.

Memory,
Keep this night,
Store up this rapture.

Moon-dazzle on water,
Moon-drizzle thru leaves,
Leaves drooping low
In gestures of peace
And quiescence.

On such a night
There is no good,
There is no evil.
There is only beauty,
Enveloping all.

Memory,
Keep this night,
Store up this rapture.

The Chicago Daily Post.

Zeno.

MUSTANG.

Chaparral grew you, sagebrush knew you,
Winds and rains of the plains blew through you,
Prick-eared, elk-hoofed, ember-eyeballed,
Mincing mustang, paint-splashed piebald,
Catamount color or fawn or roan
By brawling foam of the Yellowstone,
Under earthquake rock grotesque and high,
All colors of flame to turquoise sky.

Mouth of iron in rawhide noose,
Feather in forelock, mane blown loose,
A stripe-faced Redskin gripping astride,
Riding as only the Sioux could ride;
Jackrabbit racer, here and gone,
Trotting the travois down the dawn,
Wrenching the coulee's wretched grass,
Snaking by night through the spectral pass,
Looping the blue-coats' leagured force
With the whooping braves of Crazy Horse;

Death where the Big Horn lodges lie
And troops show black on a brazen sky!
Death at the river, death on the slope;
The dark wave breaks on the last mad hope,
Through the rat-a-tat-tat the hard hoofs drum
Where the fiend-faced yelling warriors come
In a mustang rush; the flecked foam flies,
Wild eyes glare down into glazing eyes. . . .

Foal of the wild and the mauvaises terres,
Clamber the lightning's zig-zag stair,
On purple thunders that loom with doom
Paw for your pasture and your groom!
Blood dripped brightly, the quirt fell hard,
Withers to rump you are raw-hide scarred.
Wild was the sortie, black the camp
Lit by the moon's carved death's-head lamp;
Fierce were the faces, strong the strain
That ranged and wheeled on the open plain;

But thundercloud dark is the blood-stained West;
Fade to the stars! It is time for rest.

The New York Herald Tribune.

William Rose Benet.

THE POOR HOUSE ROAD.

The wild rose blooms in its beauty rare
Beside the poorhouse road,
A killdeer's song drifts into the air
From his brown mesquite abode;
Rippling, green is the lush new wheat
Outspread to the rain and sun,
And the clover is deep and its breath is sweet,
Where the endless roads out run.

Oh, here are many who ride away
To dwell by the shining sea;
And some go out with a song as gay
As a wild bird's, clear and free;
But the rose blooms on by the long gray road,
Where the broken and hopeless pass,
And the killdeer sings from his snug abode
In the waving mesquite grass.

The Morning Oregonian.

Grace E. Hall.

SONG.

I walked with Thought at eventime, the quiet time,
the blessed time,
When all my cares with wings aflame sink in
the western sea;
The briar rose was in its prime, its virgin prime,
its radiant prime,
And all the air seemed full of song, and subtle
harmony.

I sat with Thought to rest awhile, to doze awhile,
to dream awhile,
And when I woke, instead of him, I found a
laughing boy;
I knew him by his gleeful smile, his tempting
smile, his winning smile;
I asked nor name, nor whence he came, but
rose and walked with Joy.

The Kansas City Star.

Fred Kramer.

ROAMING.

Oh, the day was made for roaming,
And how could I stay a-homing
When the wind and sun and Pan himself
Were calling me astray?
When a locust's endless singing,
And a golden bird, sky-winging,
Set my eager feet a-swinging
Down the road to far-away.

Oh, the road kept ever twisting,
And how could I be resisting,
When a host of yellow butterflies
Kept coaxing me to run?
Then along thru woodlands quiet
Where the Little Folks ran riot,
To a leafy stream close by it,
Leafy brown beneath the sun.

How the willows arched above it,
How their green lips tasted of it,
And the small fish seemed to love it
As they nosed among the stones.
Then I roamed where winds were blowing
Thru the evergreens, a-growing
On a sunny slope, not knowing
Of the magic in their cones.

Then I sniffed their brownness, thrilling
At their pungent smell, and filling
Both my pockets to o'erflowing
With this treasure of the trees.
And although I left at gloaming,
Yet a part of me stayed roaming,
For it can not come a-homing,
Having known the scent of these.

The Lancaster Intelligencer.

Ruth Eckman.

IN SPITE OF TIME.

My love for you, in spite of time and change,
Grows ever upward like a mighty tree;
So certain 'tis, yet ever new and strange
It seems to me.

It seems among those fixed eternal things
Deep in the bases of existence blent,
Yet all unseen each passing moment brings
Its increment.

And the green growing branches of my love
With myriad hands reach upward to the blue,
Lifting me all in all the world above
In quest of you.

While sturdy roots strike downward through the
land,
Holding to earthly base my reach sublime—
Thus in my love unchanging I shall stand
In spite of time.

George Steele Seymour.
The Jacksonville Daily Journal.

BARBERRY-RED.

O Barberry, red Barberry, a-smiling in the snow,
When all the fragile summer blooms are dreams
of long ago;
The frosty rime is on your leaf and winter's sting
o'erhead,
But courage true is ripening your berries' gleam
of red.

The pond is frozen silver clear, the sun-dial's
mounded high,
With drifted snow-stars glistening beneath a
leaden sky;
The little snow-birds chirrup in your sheltering
cheery halls,
O Barberry-red you light new faith when shrouded
winter falls.

The Philadelphia Bulletin. *Anne M. Robinson.*

ST. PATRICK'S GIFT.

The dawn's pale light was stealing soft
O'er meadow, hill and glade,
A magic brush had touched the skies
With tints of wondrous shade;
The lakes and streams like silver shone,
The flowers, with fragrance rare,
Lifted their drooping heads aloft,
Like children after prayer.

A flame of gold lay on the crest
Of Galtee's towering range;
A little lamb, born with the night,
Looked wondering at the change.
The mystic, magic dawn had come
That brings enchantment's smile,
But doubly so when it descends
On Erin's greening isle.

Out of a peasant's little cot
There came on fairy feet
A winsome maid of beauty rare,
And all the graces sweet;
Her eyes were blue as Heaven's skies,
Her hair like raven's wing,
In dawn's soft light and glow she stood
A wondrous, radiant thing.

Last night, around the glowing hearth
A strange tale had been told
How good Saint Patrick often came
To Erin, as of old,
And whosoe'er he chanced to meet
When dawn lay o'er the land
He would endow with some great gift,
Some blessing from his hand.

So, with the dawn fair Sheila rose
And sped to Dunmore Wood,
And there, with heart a-beating wild,
On trembling feet she stood;
Hoping, yet fearing that the saint
Would come to her and say:
"Now, Sheila Blaine, what is the thing
You wish of me today?"

But to her listening ears there came
No sound of spirit wings,
No creepy, ghostly phantom sounds,
She heard, but earthly things;
The chirp of newly wakened birds,
A rabbit scurrying by,
The sighing of the passing breeze,
A far-off curlew's cry.

Then, just as she had come to think
The story that they told
Was but the work of some wild mind,
Some mortal, fearless, bold,
She heard a rustling in the brake,
A ray of dazzling light
Fell o'er the path on which she stood
And Patrick came in sight:

"O maiden of a hundred charms,
What wouldst thou ask of me,
What gift that I could bring or send
Would help to gladden thee?
To me it seems that you express
Perfection, true and rare,
A priceless, peerless, flawless gem,
A maiden, pure and fair."

And Sheila, hearing the soft tones
That fell in cadence sweet,
Sank down upon the dewy earth,
And knelt at Patrick's feet:
"Oh, good Saint Patrick, give to me
One only gift, I pray—
One great big gift is all I ask
From you this blessed day:

"Through all the years that come and go
I ask that I may hold
Within the heart and soul of me
Youth's dreams of shining gold,
That I may never feel or know
Time's hand, that seeks and tries
To kill the laughter in the heart,
The sparkle in the eyes."

Then Patrick smiled a tender smile:
"Oh, maiden fair," said he:
"The wish that you have asked and craved
Is given unto thee;
From henceforth on to thee and those
Who follow in thy train
Age ne'er can kill youth's dreams and joys,
They always shall remain."

And so it has been ever since
In Erin's lovely land,
Her women never, never know
Time's blighting, killing hand;
Youth's sparkle beams within their eyes,
Youth's dreams and charms remain
Because the good Saint Patrick gave
This gift to Sheila Blaine.

The Kansas City Star.

Katherine Edelman.

MEMORY.

My smirking little days go by,
Peddling pinchbeck, sleek and sly.
With filching fingers that stealthily
Empty my life of its memory.

Out of my mind each thievish day,
Smuggles a token I stored away.
Dangling dross, lest the theft I see,
Tending tawdry trumpery.

Out of my heart they deftly drain,
Warmth of weeping and wealth of pain,
Screening the theft with the trade they ply,
Urging the wares that they falsify.

Vaunting vanities, thin and cheap,
Stealing sole treasure left in my keep,
My days are cheapjacks—but what am I?
Testy and taunting—I buy! I buy!

The Cincinnati Times-Star.

Ruth Neeley.

THE MULE TRAIN.

Nearer through the forest tangle,
Comes a jingle, and a jangle,
And a squeak of rawhide lashings on the load;
Till a streak of Chinese cursing
Fit to set the apes rehearsing,
Brings the mule train round a corner of the road.

Oh, the lead-mule, bell a-jangle!
Harness beaded, all a-spangle!
Giddy beast with crimson pompoms on his nose!
He's a side-show on a ramble;
See the swagger in his amble!
For the other mules must follow where he goes.

Oh, the yonk dog! For his ratin'
He's an inky son of Satan;
Fifty pounds of bob-tailed, crop-eared fur and
fight!
Round the hoofs and heels he flickers;
Nips the lead-mule when he nickers;
Ducks the kick, and grins in pitchy-mouthed de-
light.

Oh, the muleteers, slyly staring,
Whistling, slapping, grunting, swearing!
Yellow faces under three-foot yellow hats.
His Exaltedness the Leader,
With his new ten-shot self-feeder,
Heels in stirrups, on a pile of bedding mats.

"What's the load the mule train carries?"
"Tea," he shouts, and never tarries;
Gazes straight at mulie's sagging, wagging ears.
Squeak and jangle soon decreases,
Rise falsetto vocal pieces,
Where the train with tea (and opium) disappears.
Jacksonville Daily Journal. Ralph E. Henderson.

SEASON'S END.

October's dusk is whispering good-bye;
Fast, fast now through the autumn's windy
sieves
The leaves are sifted, color-drained and wry;
Upon the summer's loom a spider weaves
Memorial web, bright jeweled in the rain;
Across our dismal lawn the lonely birds
Waver like leaves and bitterly complain;
(We quiver at our own unuttered words.)

Summer ended? We do not dare to stir
For fear the dream be reft, but closely lie,
Pretending not to hear the ghostly whirr
Of leaves and wings, and pitifully we try
To grasp a reassurance of our lot:
That summer and her blossom fadeth not.

The Arkansas Gazette.

William Spencer.

I SING MY COUNTRY.

I sing My Country!
At my Pullman car window, I rhapsodize
Upon the panorama unrolling!
Mighty cities, lush prairies, opulent farms, moun-
tain wilderness, and wide, unpeopled plains.

I am lately come from Europe full of odious com-
parisons and pity
For Americans who do not appreciate their coun-
try.

I have been sightseeing abroad
Only to find the most thrilling sights at home,
Sights eloquent, significant, without parallel;
Bathtubs galore;
Bricklayers driving to work in flivvers;
Silk shod ankles of girls
Whose mothers, barefooted, tilled in Calabria;

Rural postmen unloading newspapers, magazines.
books, mail order luxuries;
Acres of Fords parked round the new national
movie house (two shows nightly);
Everywhere masterful, expansive, bluff, breezy
men;
Untrammelled, self-reliant women, comely and
garbed smartly in the mode,
Whether it be in 5th ave., Omaha, or far Truckee;
A farmer jolting homeward with the latest phon-
ograph record,
His wife telephoning for three cards of tulle;
That blithe company of youth boarding the train
at Mandan
Telling how they danced last night
To the music of a Chicago orchestra
Wafted by radio;
Twenty, mayhap, thirty, million people listening
to the President speaking.

I celebrate my country's greatness, its vastness,
its exuberant fruitfulness,
The sense of which has entered into the souls of
us,
Instilling large notions, prodigality, recklessness,
yea, bumptiousness,
I glorify the American dollar and dollar chasing
So despised in mendicant Europe, where, if you
drop a dollar,
You start a riot in which monocles are broken.
Soon enough shall we, with mouths multiplied,
be forced to scrimp,
To save every twig and crumb, thrifty as French,

Then shall we have done with chasing dollars
And shall chase pennies as they chase farthings
and centimes over there.
I have been sped an hour, seeing no human, only
cattle,
How glorious a roomy land, room to turn around
in without jostling!
Europe is crowded to suffocation, Asia is over-
flowing;
They turn covetous eyes to our unoccupied ex-
panses;

We envision the day when we shall need to hedge
our borders with bayonets
To keep out smuggled immigrants.
Japan lets the cat out of the bag:
War, if necessary to break down our wall
Europe says Amen, changing the league's processes
To suit the purpose
And still blandly bidding us enter the league.

Good, mushy men arise among us
Outraged at any thought of girding for defense,
Shall men, they ask, presume to say who shall and
who shall not
Tenant God's acre?
Nevertheless we will gird
To keep our soil for our kind.

I sing my country.

Arthur Sears Henning.
The New York Daily News.

A THOUGHT—IN CHURCH.

Through dim stained glass
The tempered daylight steals;
The congregation bows, in padded prayer,
Before the flower-laden altar where
The silk-robed ministrant intones and kneels;
Upon the perfumed air the organ peals—
*Ah, what if Christ Himself should enter there,
The weeping Magdalene with streaming hair,
And all his rough disciples at His heels?*

Would we not stare and stir uneasily,
If such a motley crew, one so unfit
To enter, should be ushered in to sit
Beside us in our cushioned piety?
*Might He not come—and sorrowfully go
From us, His worshipers . . . and we not know?*
The New York Sun. Roselle Mercier Montgomery.

MY BROTHER AND I.

We carved our names on the old beech tree,
My brother and I,
Up from the pasture gate, ah me,
On the fairest hill of greening May,
When life was rosy and so gay,
My brother and I.

We saw the world so far away,
My brother and I,
But we proposed to climb some day
To highest peak of that fair land,
And win for us a name to stand,
My brother and I.

We viewed this record's greatest aim,
My brother and I,
As symbol of the highest fame
To which men can attain, somehow,
In this great world of Here and Now!—
My brother and I.

Thirty-two years have passed us by,
My brother and I,
Since we for fame's high mark did sigh.
The record we can dimly see
As we stand by the dear old tree,
My brother and I.

Talk not to us of Hall of Fame,
My brother and I,
Nor of names writ in glowing flame!
No higher record can we see
Than carvings on the dear old tree,
My brother and I.

Masonic Home Journal.

H. H. Fuson.

POETRY.

Poetry is the muse that lodges welcome, though
unbidden,
In our minds and then,
Flowing outward, onward, worded melody un-
hidden,
Sings for mortal men.

The Baltimore Daily Post. Eugenie Du Maurier.

TO THE FIGURE ON MY MANTEL.

(Thoughts As I Smoke.)

Funny little
Pot-bellied
God!

For you men have left their warm homes
To drag their feet through clinging marshes;
For you men have slit the throats
Of stolid inoffensive neighbors.

The magistrate
Has bowed his head,
The potentate
Has paled in dread.

And I,
Superior product
Of a later race
Sit here before you
Blowing smoke,
Tobacco smoke
Full in your face!

* * *

Here where I hesitate
Thumbing the pages,
You sit and concentrate
Wrapped in the ages.
What if I chance to find
Secret of words to stress
That which the yearning mind
Aches ever to express?
Then in my victory,
Near to my God the while,
Will you sit silently—
Or will you smile?

* * *

You are as a riddle without an answer
Resignation turning its back on history,
Patience with all time behind you,
Unconcern in the face of facts.
You are very wise to be so calm
Or else—
A thing of clay!

The Oakland Tribune.

Addison B. Schuster.

THE CEMETERY BESIDE THE TRACK.

How close beside the buried glide the trains
For living folk, who shudder so and dread
The fleeting glimpse of green and vacant lanes,
The peaceful habitation of the dead.

Unsatisfied forever, while they flit
From place to place in quest of wealth and ease,
They shun the station or the sight of it
To which they daily travel by degrees.

Here sleep the ones who wait for trains no more,
Except the last, which all may hope to take
To reach the promised Heaven and explore
The peace for which their souls were made the stake.

Tho Life run ever east or ever west
Its roads converge in this metropolis;
What find we here but God's most perfect rest,
And no respect for pomp or prejudice?

Whether we dread or welcome the releasing,
Whether or not we may that hour foresee,
Life's tide of emigration, never ceasing,
Graveward sets its course eternally.

The Jacksonville (Ill.) Daily Journal.

John Kearns.

CONFLICT.

I am a landsman, scared of the sea—
Life is an unkind Mother to me.

Fear of the ocean keeps me ashore—
I who could live on sailormen's lore!

*Somewhere in that land lineage of mine
Some roving seaman entered our line.*

Oh, I could curse me—sometimes I do—
Fearing the sea, and loving it, too!

Schooners in harbor, fog rolling in—
How they have stirred that something within!

Rain-blackened pavements far from a ship
Whisper of sea nights . . . decks all a-drip.

Even the mountains, mantled in mist,
Hint of a call that I can not resist.

*Blood of my fathers battles in mine—
Most of it landbound—some of it brine.*

I am a landsman, scared of the sea—
Fighting the magic hidden in me.

The New York Times.

S. Omer Barker.

AT THE ODEON.

We came early, being simple souls
Who hate the hurried crush and rush
That always comes to those arriving late.
Nor do we court the solemn hush
Announcing late arrivals in fine gowns,
That put our beaded blouses to the blush.

We came early, and while waiting watched
The other simple souls who came
To hear the famous Chaliapin sing.
Came early, like ourselves his name,
Suggestive of the brooding Russian airs
That helped him win the singer's crown of fame.

We came early; so did they who sat
Before us in the concert hall,
A pair of lovers there across the aisle,
A father, mother, sons so tall,
Thin, sexless, aging women with bobbed hair,
Intent on bulky programs one and all.

We came early, and at last were heard
The tender notes, exulting, loud,
Of violin with its most human cries.
Of sorrow, love and courage proud,
And then the splendid singer raised his voice,
And hushed to silence was the listening crowd.

Jane Francis Winn.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE RESURRECTION OF DENVER DAN.

Where the West begins there's many a man
Can tell you the story of Denver Dan;
He lived in the hills in a cabin quaint;
(He wasn't a sinner, nor he wasn't a saint),
Jes' happy-go-lucky as the winds that blow,
When the war broke out an' he had to go.
But soon he returned (a different man);
A coffin held all that was mortal of Dan.
"Them features are his'n," said his own little gal;
"I guss I know daddy, for he was my pal."
"Accept his insurance," the war office said;
"We've looked up his record, and of course he is
dead."

When, sufferin' mackerel, what should they see,
But Dan comin' home like he'd been on a spree!
"How come?" said his neighbors; "we thought
you had died."

"Well, maybe I did, but I'm back," he replied;
"An' jes' fer to show you it's me that's on deck,
Here's the wart on my thumb I was born with,
by heck!"

"It's true," said his daughter; "I've played with
it often;"

So to get at the facts, they dug up the coffin.
Some people affirm the birthmark was there
When the coffin was opened; to this they will
swear,

While others, when questioned, vehemently say
A bullet had carried the wart thumb away.
So out in the West, where the friendships are
stronger,

Where bronchos are busted and shadows grow
longer,

Where people are truthful, there isn't a man
Can tell you exactly what happened to Dan.

The Rocky Mountain News.

John C. Wright

A BOY'S SONG ON CIRCUS DAY.

Hip, hooray, for circus day!
Am I happy?—I should say!
Yes, the circus is in town,
With its elephant and clown;
With its monkey and its bear;
With its lion in his lair;
With its tricky riding mule—
Not from any riding school—
Lincoln Brothers circus show
Plays today—you bet I'll go.

Break of day, on Walnut Street,
Saw me up, the show to greet.
Say, my heart was filled with joy,
And the heart of ev'ry boy
Danced around his breast, I think,
When an el'phant stopped to drink
From a trough of water, where
I was standing, in the square,
With a crowd of boys and men,
That big el'phant drank, and then,
When he quit and off did trot
Down the street and to the lot
Where the circus show is held
Up I threw my hat and yelled .

To the circus grounds I ran,
And a big, fat circus man,
Standing there, in dewy grass,
Told me I could earn a pass
If I'd help him—Well, you see,
That was just what suited me.

So I helped him and his men,
Toting poles and seats, and then,
When we got that circus built,
From his vest this card of gilt
He pulled forth and gave to me—
"Pass one boy," it says—just see!
Gee, but ain't there lots of class
To this pretty circus pass?

The Albany (N. Y.) Evening News.

Sam J. Banks.

"I HEAR IT SAID."

Last night my friend—he says he is my friend—
Came in and questioned me. "I hear it said
You have done this and that. I come to ask
Are these things true?"

A glint was in his eye
Of small distrust. His words were crisp and hot,
He measured me with anger, and flung down
A little heap of facts had come to him.
"I hear it said you have done this and that."

Suppose I have? And are you not my friend?
And are you not my friend enough to say,
"If it were true, there would be reason in it
And if I can not know the how and why,
Still I can trust you, waiting for a word,
Or for no word, if no word ever come!"

Is friendship just a thing of afternoons,
Of pleasuring one's friend and one's dear self—
Greed for sedate approval of his pace,
Suspicion if he take one little turn
Unto the road, one flight into the air,
And has not sought you for your *Yea* or *Nay*?

No. Friendship is not so. I am my own.
And howsoever near my friend may draw
Unto my soul, there is a legend hung
Above a certain strait and narrow way
Says, "Dear my friend, ye may not enter here!"

I would the time had come—as it has not—
When men shall rise and say, "He is my friend.
He has done this? And what is that to me?
Think you I have a check upon his head,
Or cast a guiding rein across his neck?
I am his friend. And for that cause I walk
Not overclose beside him, leaving still
Space for his silences, and space for mine."

The New York Times.

Barbara Young.

A BURMA BELLE.

After tiffin when Mah Chit Yin
Dresses up to make a call,
Flapper girls across the ocean
Haven't any show at all.

Blazingly in silks she flashes,
Radiant with rainbow dyes;
When the sunlight flashes on her,
Suddenly you shade your eyes.

Twinkling ears adrip with rubies;
Gold about her slender wrists;
Round her neck a chain of pendants—
Diamonds and amethysts.

Hair as black as stormy midnight,
Glossy with an oil veneer,
With a lovely yellow orchid
Perching just above her ear.

Slippers rhythmically flapping
Make her shuffle when she walks;
Voice like bells at the pagoda,
Tinkles sweetly when she talks.

Neck and cheeks are soft and creamy,
Rubbed with dust of sandalwood;
Crimson lips from juice of betel—
You would kiss her if you could.

I can love her, I adore her
Till she lights her long cheroot;
Then I'll beg her to excuse me—
Time has come for me to scoot.

Jacksonville Daily Journal.

Wayne Gard.

PETTIT LAKE.

I must be off to the mountains,
I must go forth from the town,
From the stifling streets and the trodden beats
And trifles that crush me down.
The chair on the porch calls softly
I know, but I can't resist
The voice of the trees and the mountain breeze
And the tow'ring peaks, sun-kissed.

I must be off to the lakeland,
I must drink deep of June,
Adrift, afloat, in a little boat,
Humming a lazy tune.
The shadow under the mountain!
The ripples that dance and play!
The beckoning lines of whispering pines!
Ah, I must up and away.

Stay in your crowded city,
Sit in your movie show,
There are ices to sip with thirsty lip;
But I must pack up and go.
Where I'll drink in the cool of the morning
And laugh at the rosy dawn,
Philosophize as the bacon fries
And grin and stretch and yawn.

The Idaho Statesman.

M. M. T.

PRAYER.

Measure me, Father, I pray,
When the last hour is spent,
Not by the deeds of the day,
But by the dreams that I dreamt.

Measure me, God, by my songs,
Weaklings, that they may be,
Measure me, not my my wrongs,
But the man I tried to be.

The Springfield Republican. Arthur Wilson Eddy.

TWO SONNETS.

I.

White is the light that with effulgence gleams,
Along the path that leads to hills and streams,
Where youth is lured through fragrant woodland
dells

By the enchanting tones of distant bells
That ring anon their silvery chimes of hope
To cheer the pilgrim toiling up the slope.
New heights are reached and still the urge to go,
Ever upward to crests all white with snow.
Shifting scenes and changing move swiftly by,
And soon are lost forever to the eye.
Youth calmly views the evanescent scenes,
And reckons not what all their passing means.

II.

Again with languorous eyes the path is swept,
To view the height where often youth had kept
Its rendezvous. Alas, the eyes are dim,
The knees grown stiff, the hand has lost its vim!
No more the chiming of the bell is heard,
And hushed the music of the woodland bird.
A fluttering of wings on sighing breeze—
An ominous shadow slowly palls the trees—
The tinkle of a cowbell from afar,
An icy mantle shrouds the evening star;
A cold light swings a moment through the gloom,
And falls to silence near the somber tomb.

The Jeffersonian.

James Carl Crowson.

MAGIC.

When the days are very long
And the night draws near,
I will sing for you my song,
Hoping you may hear.

Tho' you're in a distant land
Love will waft it there;
Then, dear, you will understand
The magic in the air.

The Detroit Free Press.

Clara Miehm.

HIS STAR IN THE EAST.

Eager lips so soft and warm,
End your searching and be at rest,
Be forgetful of mother's breast,
Cuddle to sleep on mother's arm:
(Empty breasts in a feasting world,
Husks and straw where His form lies curled!)

Sleep—forget the hunger and cold;
Son, a ring on my hand could win
Shelter and warmth and food at the Inn—
Better a ring than a purse of gold.
(Empty breasts in a feasting world,
Husks and straw where His form lies curled!)

The Albany Democrat. Sarah Hammond Kelly.

ASHES.

Think, O my soul,
Of the disenchanted
Days you have brought me!
Days wrought with beaten silver and steel—
Burned with red flame of sandal wood and laurel
boughs,
Take back the chisel,
The spear blade,
You have hammered the pattern all in.
Give back the ivy-leaf pattern of my bridal veil,
Give back the unshed tears—the dreams—the
kiss—
Only defeat and silence.
Drenched, mangled and torn by aftermath and
blinding rain,
I heap knots of fir, pine cones and pine pitch on
the fire,
I blow on it,
I shiver like wind-rocked aspens—give back the
noonday heat.

Millicent Davis Dilley.
The Springfield Republican.

TWILIGHT.

The sweetest hour of the day
Is the hour of waning light,
When evening shadows first appear,
And day sinks into night.

The night-birds call; soft lullabies
Blend in one rich strain.
Unequaled in all melody
Is their sweet, sad refrain.

'Tis the hour of rest and relaxation,
For toilers in life's marts—
Renewing hope, and faith—and courage,
In weary, fainting hearts.

The twilight hour brings retrospection
And recount of joys past—
A pleasure that shall retain its savor,
As long as life shall last.

The Daily American Tribune. Belle M. Blair.

BOY.

Gladness has gone from the gay house
That listened to your boyish tread.
Each trifling thing you touched awaits your
hand—
Your ball, your cap, the book half read.

Dear boy—adventurer, you go—
No tired traveler seeking rest,
But resolute, aglow with life, athrill
To all the magic of your quest.

And they who love you must conceal
In Sorrow's sanctuary deep,
The wild, dumb longing—while the gate o' dreams
Swings as their lad smiles in his sleep.

The Chicago Tribune. Grace B. Starbuck.

AN EPITAPH.

She was too delicate to give or take
Life's rough ripostes—face its vulgarities;
Too proud to yield in base compliances
To its demands; she would not deign to make
Concessions, for her own advantage sake,
To the dark gods of Favor; or appease
Success, Life's lackey, with a lackey's fees—
Her alabaster box she would not break!

Life's wine, for her, must pass a finer sieve
Ere she would taste its sweetness—she dis-
dained
To quaff—or lift—its chalice . . . all unstrained!
And so . . . she passed, who would not stoop to
live—
Serene, aloof, *and smiling now*, she lies . . .
Death asked of her to make no compromise!

Roselle Mercier Montgomery.
The New York Times.

THE BRIGHTEST CROWN.

There are crowns for conquering heroes,
There are crowns for bard and sage;
For the men whose names are written
Upon History's varied page;
There are crowns of gold and iron,
All too often stained with blood—
But the wonderst crown and grandest
Is the crown of Motherhood.

There is beauty in the city.
In the rose is beauty, too.
And the violets are charming
In their little bonnets blue;
There is beauty in the garden,
There is beauty in the wild,
But the sweetest thing in Nature
Is a little tender child.

Arthur Goodenough.
The Brattleboro Daily Reformer.

THE OIL FIRE.

The lightning strikes, a sudden blinding flash
Of forked fire, a rending tearing crash,
A deafening roar that shakes the very ground,
A sharp report, a sudden crackling sound.

The tank is struck! The mounting flames leap
 high
In wild fantastic light against the sky
The strong steel crumples writhing in the heat
Twisting grotesquely. Savage heat waves beat.

In furnace blasts along the reeling air,
The oil fields lit and crimsoned with the glare
In wild unearthly beauty. Heavy, low,
The black smoke hangs above the sullen glow.

In rolling clouds with red flames bursting through,
The whole earth has a burning crimson hue.
The curious crowds that gather in to gaze
In half-awed silence watch the great tank blaze.

In devastating splendor. Far and wide
The sullen smoke hangs low on every side.
The giant tank boils over, everywhere
A boiling flood of flame. The scorching air

Is blistering, blinding; seething torrents flow
In red cascades of flame. The savage glow
Of molten metal smoulders, twisted, scarred;
The oil-soaked ground is blasted, burned and
 charred.

All that remains to show the great fire's track
Is smouldering ruins, shriveled, seared and black.
The Daily Oklahoman. *Violet McDougal.*

TO MOTHER.

On my desk a tiny clock
With recurrent clicking shock
Counts the moments as they fly.
Round and round the tiny hand
Marks the falling of the sand;
Whirling, ticking, see it go!

There's another hand, and slow;
Scarcely moving there at all
To the hours' passing call.
I am but the second's beat—
Aimlessly my restless feet
Carry me apart from you,
Seeking wider ways and new.

Out across the world's great face
Swiftly youth has set its pace;
Swift and far my pathway leads—
Dim and far the past recedes.

Yet I know that I shall come
With the swinging pendulum
Back to meet with you again
As the hands that circle, twain;
As the circling clock-hands do
I shall meet again with you.

Harry Noyes Pratt.

The Mill Valley Record.

THE TOPIC OF THE HOUR.*

It seems to me I can't forget
My much-beloved and long-lost phone.
I talk upon this one, but yet
It seems to me I can't forget
The operator's voice. I fret
And listen for the "dial tone."
It seems to me I can't forget
My much-beloved and long-lost phone.

* On the installing of automatic phones in Seattle.

The Argus.

Helen Emma Maring.

MOTHER

How long it seems since I were pressed,
A little child, to my mother's breast;
The while she sang sweet melodies
Of babes asleep in the lofty trees!

Or asked of God in the hush of night
To blaze the trails in the after years,
That my steps might lead me to the light
And spare me the knowledge of bitter tears.

* * * * *

Long now she has lain in peaceful sleep,
And the trees o'er her resting place swing deep,
Weighed down with the cherished dreams I hold
Of a mother more precious than all the world's
gold!

The Buffalo Express.

Ralph Reid Rice.

CANDLE GLOW.

When night comes down to softly dim
The mellow sunlight in the room,
I draw the curtains and keep out
The shadow and the gloom.

I light the candles and the glow
Steals o'er the supper board and all
The ruddy hearth-fire flaming bright
Lights up the floor and wall.

For all within a home should be
Sacred to family life and way,
Safeguard from the world outside
When ends the busy day.

Not open to the public gaze
Through unlatched door or pane,
But hid away for near and dear
At candle glow again.

Florence Van Fleet Lyman.
Springfield Republican.

THE TRUE CROSS.

I stood 'mid my fellows in sunshine, and shade,
The birds knew me.
I enjoyed my life every season that came,
Though only a tree.
But they cut me down, in a day, from my strength.
In a cross of wood they made me at length.

Then a noble figure they laid on me
Of Him they lied!
And the nails that pierced Him went through me
And His blood me dyed.
And His weight was borne by a shamed tree
But the love of His heart even reached to me
On my breast He died!

The Buffalo Express.

Phoebe A. Naylor.

A LITTLE GREEN LANE.

A Little Green Lane goes through my Mind,
A Lane that my Heart runs back to find;
A Lane where the air is cool as dew,
And the ferns are high and the rocks are few,
And every branch of the tallest tree
Would whisper a fairy tale to me,
And every bird had a golden note
In the song that came from his crimson throat,
And Life had a hundred gifts to give,
And I had a hundred years to live.

A Little Green Lane goes through my Mind,
A Lane that my Heart runs back to find—
My Heart—for never my feet will go
To walk that Lane that I used to know,
For maybe my eyes would fail to see
The Vision that Memory holds for me,
And I'd miss the fairy tales I heard,
And the song of the crimson-throated bird.
So I'll keep the dear unbroken spell
Of the Little Green Lane I love so well.

The New York Times.

Nan Terrell Reed.

TO MY MOTHER.

Because through years of wandering
Your heart has followed all my ways,
Beyond distrust or questioning,
In gratitude I hymn your praise.

Because your faith, unreconciled
To failure or adversity,
Believes me yet a little child,
I celebrate you reverently.

Because your love has held so sure,
So uncomplaining and complete,
Where all love else is insecure,
I lay this tribute at your feet.

Miriam Allen de Ford

The San Francisco Examiner.

PAKAYLE.

She bloomed one day, not so long ago,
This little flower of the Chickasaw tribe,
Beneath the note of her tinkling laugh,
Like plaintive strains from a ukelele,
I catch the sound of a sobbing breath:
"I meant to grow in cool woods untamed,
"But find myself in the city's glare."
So spoke the Indian maiden, Pakayle.

The thought behind her sweet, dark eyes
Is weirdly pleading, though words have ceased.
"Like a flower," Pakayle means in the musical
tongue,
Of a merging, not a vanquished race.
Though measures they gain of hothouse charm—
The pain of their gain is with them still—
Uprooted from fragrance of woodlands dense,
They lose in natural and modest grace.

Virginia Smyth Nolen

and *Bertha Heiderich Wallace.*

The Healdton Herald.

THE APPARITION.

I saw, one day, the saddest sight
Mine eyes had ever met,
And when I think of it at times
Both cheeks and eyes are wet!

It was no sight of blood or wounds
That I reflected saw;—
No scaly dragon spouting flame
Awoke my soul to awe!

No virgin suffered nameless wrong
At hands of Hun or Goth,—
No sufferer entreated Death—
While Death to come was loth!

There came no skeleton to wave
His fleshless arms at me;
No demon from the pit appeared
With threats of misery.

Not famine and not pestilence
Uneasy made my mind;
Not even scowling Nemesis
Assailed me from behind!

I gazed into the looking glass
(Lord send me heart of grace!)
And looking soberly on me
I saw an old man's face!

The Springfield Republican. Arthur Goodenough.

YULE-TIDE ECHOINGS.

Listen to the midnight chimes,
Singing out upon the air;
Every heart is stirred, betimes,
In the throbbing strains to share.

There are thoughts that with the chiming blend,
Yule-Tide wishes that all sorrows end;
Faith renewed in all that's good and true,
Bringing all that's best in life for you.

The Santa Rosa Republican. Ada Kyle Lynch.

WINDS OF APRIL.

Blow softly, winds of April, blow,
And bring the song the bluebirds sing,
And spicy smell of greening woods,
And scent of plum trees, blossoming.

And bring the sound of lowing herds,
And bring the glow of sapphire skies,
And breath of purple violet,
And simple, woodland melodies.

And where the sun-shot shadows lie,
And solemn pine trees sadly wave,
Oh, gently, gently, April winds,
Sigh softly o'er a little grave!

The Arkansas Gazette.

J. A. Morris.

VANITAS VANITATUM.

We used to see her hobbling down the stoop
And calling "Kitty, kitty! . .
With her kind, foolish face all anxious wrinkles.
She lived in two cluttered rooms of a squalid
house
With five gaunt cats;
An ignorant, tender woman,
Mortally stricken.
And after Death's peace had found her
We went in
To pack her things for some far-off, careless
cousins.
Such poor, untidy rooms—and the lean cats glow-
ering!
Such shabby furnishings—and so little food!
But everywhere we found dainty lingerie hidden,
And rouge, and powder; false hair and cheap
perfumery,
"The silly old thing!" exclaimed a neighbor
roughly . . .
I think she had only striven to keep some beauty
Lest he should return—the husband who had left
her.

The New York Sun.

Jennifer Stewart.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

Do you think I love fairies
And rainbow colors bright?
Do you think beauty tarries
With me from morn to night?
You sit content and fearless
At rest upon my knee,
A gleam of transience peerless
As folded wings can be.

Now closed, now open, closing—
Yes, I see your fair wings,
A transient dream reposing
A glint of heavenly things,
You want a poem? Give me
Forever and a day;
Your beauty will outlive me—
Ah! gone away—sweet fay!

The Mill Valley Record.

Lynas Clyde Seal.

MARS APPROACHES.

Great Mars approaches, an eternal flame,
As red as blood, as silent as some soul
Which feels that isolation keeps it whole.
From out the depthless infinite it came,
The soundless, deep-blue night it's wondrous
frame,
And climbed to heaven's height as to a goal.
And Beauty shared its mystic high patrol,
And rhythm, that mute music, gave acclaim.

When you and I the way of life have trod,
And through life's lessons earned a clearer day
Still in its awesome orbit, Mars unmarred,
Will grandly move in its appointed way;
Still souls on earth will reach up to their God,
Still: "Mars, a flame, approaches," men will say.

Virginia Nelson Parmer.

The Nashville Tennessean.

I LOVE MINORITIES.

I love the company of minorities.

That little group of friends of Socrates
Who came to him that final dragging night
Four hundred years before the guiding light
Of heaven illumed the Bethlehem hills,
A sacred spot within my memory fills.

I love the company of minorities.

I love the company of minorities.

With poor Columbus—that lone Genoese
My spirit would have traveled scoffing Spain,
For, oh, the gleam within that visioning brain,
Was kindling far-strung beacons for a world
A timid, doubting, shackle-making world.

I love the company of minorities.

I love the company of minorities.

I choose for my soul-leaders such as these—
That singing boy of Eisenach, whose bread
Was won by streetside lyrics, but who led
As fearless Luther, breaker of old chains,
A handful up to millions by slow gains.

I love the company of minorities.

I love the company of minorities.

Galileo, in that cathedral of Pisa's,
Dreaming and thinking while the rabble jeer,
Still, though the centuries separate, is dear
To my heart. Dust are the throngs that laugh and
shun,

But laggard Pisa, who's your deathless son?

I love the company of minorities.

I love the company of minorities.

I note Domremy's maiden's hand release
The shepherd crook, and with burning sword
Lead forth the men of France, by her zeal stirred,
And then I see Arc's pleading eyes uplift
Until the flames blur all with deadly drift

I love the company of minorities.

I love the company of minorities.
I see the Prince of Peace with sorrowing eyes
Gaze on the hounding masses—the human flood
That rages blindly for his sinless blood.
For life, unfolding to me as I plod,
Links the scorned few in fellowship with God.

I love the company of minorities.

The Sioux City Journal.

Will Chamberlain.

LOOKING UPWARD.

You who grovel in life's valley,
Laden with the fear of things,
Shut off by obstructing mountains,
From the views which greet earth's kings.

You who tawdry pleasures worship
Or who indolently sleep,
Rouse yourselves, ascend the mountain;
Of the breath of life drink deep.

Gird your loins for a struggle,
As the way is steep and long;
Perseverance will be needed,
And a purpose pure and strong.

Frightful passes, rough, mist-hidden
Steps to mount against the gale,
Slips and bruises, wild beasts, darkness,
Cause the stoutest heart to quail.

Now and then life's sweetest flowers
Cheer you on your upward flight,
And beyond the peaceful valley,
Spring up visions that delight.

Onward, upward, ever climbing,
Keep a faith that naught can stop,
'Till triumphant glories bless you
On the sun-kissed mountain top.

If you must retrace some footsteps,
Never from the vision part,
Which the grandeur of life's mountain
Has inspired within your heart.

The Conway Weekly News.

Fred W. Allsopp.

HOSPITALITY.

I place the great log on the andirons—so!
The fires all laid, and ready for the match,
The moment the first guest shall lift the latch.
It would be such a waste, tho north winds blow,
To keep a fire when I'm alone, you know.
So, shawl-enwrapped, in the dim room, I snatch
A half-hour nap, or stitch a thrifty patch,
Or darn a stocking, in the candle glow.

A footstep at the door, the log's aflame,
There's incense burning in a yellow jar,
There's light and laughter; with my gayest
smile

I greet my friends—I am so glad they came;
(How long the nights, to lonely women, are!)
There's life and joy o'erflowing, for awhile.

Sarah Hammond Kelly.

The Albany Sunday Democrat.

PARADOX.

Life, now and then you do
A very funny thing;
Say when you gave me
Feet that would dance,
And a heart to sing.

Then you gave me a burden of sorrow
That weighted low
My dancing feet to the dust
And my heart, crushed,
No song could know.

Oh, Life, it had been to me
Less sad a thing,
With the load to drag
My weary feet,
If my heart had not learned to sing.

The Gulfport Herald.

Francis M. Lipp.

"HOME TO YOU."

O, the day's been sad an' weary—
Everything's been goin' wrong;
Didn't feel a bit like workin',
Couldn't even sing a song.

Watched the clock since early mornin',—
Gosh, how slow the old thing went!
Somehow I felt blue an' lonely
An' I wasn't worth a cent.

Then I heard the quittin' whistle—
I was waitin' when she blew,
An' it made me happy, knowin'
I was goin' home to you.

O, I ain't a bloomin' poet,
But the things I say are true
When the long day's work is over
An' I hurry home to you.

The Boston Post.

Wally DeFre lance.

MASTER OF HIS DESTINY.

He went his way with clearly visioned poise,
Saw that most things were either good or bad
According to the attitude he had
Toward them. Thus he ever faced his joys
As well as grief that peace of heart destroys,
With calm assurance, and looked on the sad
As well as that of intimation glad,
As things wherewith some mystic powerd toys.

He himself that way in authority found
At every situation, could command
Whatever dared assume the upper hand
And tried to keep him in subjection bound;
Disarming thus misfortune ere it scored
And proved no pawn of destiny, but its lord.

Milwaukee Sentinel.

Peter Fandel.

THE RIDDLE OF THE SPHINX.

A sign and wonder in old Egypt lies,
Mute, impervious, it commands the plain,
A tortured desert starved of dew and rain,
Unbounded save by sand and rimming skies;
The traveler from afar its form descries,
And ponders, its strange meaning to obtain,
Demands to know its riddle, but in vain,
For to his questioning no voice replies.

That hybrid form, with body, brain and wing,
Depicts man's growth, portrays the spirit's
birth,

In process through the ages since the Fall;
A beast, a human, then spiritual being,
That contacts God, transcends the finite worth
Unveiling dim divinity in all.

The Oakland Tribune.

Selina Burston.

HEART OF MINE.

Oh, heart of mine, I know thy fitful fires,
Leap like fanned flames o'er wind-blown autumn
lea;

I know thy swelling passions feverishly
Heave like tempestuous chaffings of the sea.
Yet who can say thou art too passionate?

Tumultuous fervor wells up at the wrong,
Which preys untrammelled on downtrodden men,
Still sanctioned by the contumacious strong.

Could but thy fires glow with unquenchable light,
Which flares not up and leaves the world still
dark;

Could but thy passions move on like the tides,
Not like faint ripples from some drifting bark!
Oh, heart of mine, charred embers, too, I see
On trails, where scorching flames unguarded
spread;

And wreckage also looms up on the shores
From which I seaward overboldly sped.

The Springfield Republican.

Edward Gruse.

FREE.

A CHANTY OF THE PRISON OF THE UNSEEN BARS.

The President plans to call the American people out from the four-wall prisons of homes and offices to the Great Out-of-Doors. Press Dispatch.

*Oh, the man who once is free,
On the land or on the sea,
A free man is he, ship or shore.
Nor chains can make a slave,
While your soul rides on the wave
Or camps mid the peaks evermore.*

* * * * *

They've shut me up here in this prison—
No; you can't see a bolt nor a bar;
The light shines in broad at the window;
The winds wander in from afar.

Yet my prison it is, closely wardered.
My feet are made fast in the stocks;
The pay-check, out there at the wicket,
A gaoler, hard-hearted as rocks.

The lash of the task is upon me;
Like Samson, I grind at the mill;
Or forth to their Temple of Dagon
They hale me to pleasure their will.

* * * * *

Me? No; I'm not shut in their prison.
Me? No; the lash never strikes *me*.
I'm free as the moose in the forest;
As birds in the welkin, I'm free.

For, once, I knew seas, plains and mountains—
Their breath's in my nostrils, allwhere;
I hear yet the surge off Agulhas;
I feel Cape Stiff's ice in my hair.

I heard—and there's never forgetting—
The Trades tug the stuns'ls amain
And the yell of the gale to the cro-jack—
I'm hearing them always again.

So, while the taskmasters surround me
And prod me with dollars, like goads,
And whether the crowds praise or threaten,
I'm free from their cheers, jeers and loads.

I laugh, for I'm cracking on canvas
And taking it green o'er the bow,
The while they are lashing my burthen
And boasting they've harnessed me now.

There's never a wall can inclose me—
A fig for the task with its threat—
I'm riding the limitless ranges;
I'm climbing the high summits yet.

* * * * *

*For the man who once is free,
On the land or on the sea,
A free man is he, ship or shore.
No chains can make you slave,
While your soul rides on the wave
Or camps mid the peaks evermore.*

William P. F. Ferguson.

The Franklin News-Herald.

BLIZZARD.

Gaunt gray trees like etchings
Stiff on a steel-blue sky—
Billowing hills in the garden
Piled, piled high.

Stars and white swan feathers
Swirled by day through the town,
Night brought barbs from the sky-bow
Shivering, quivering down.

Morning brought—who can describe it—
Splendors to dazzle the eyes
All things locked in a soundless
White, white paradise.

The Chicago News.

Mildred Fowler Field.

MY STORM SPRITE.

She brings the cool, clean scent of pine trees on a
 hillside,
Also, carnation's fragrant spice from hearts of
 crimson,
Into my stuffy attic room above the housetops,
She is the tang of frost, transmuting red to golden,
Or wintry sunshine, finding gems in drifting snow-
 banks.
Refreshing as the cold, damp smell of rain in
 summer,
My Storm Sprite comes to me.

We break the iron bands that fetter longing,
And prison free, we sail on ships of cloudy fleece
To far-off ports, with streets of silence, and Doges'
 castles.
Our trusty wings, with "Dusty marts of men for-
 gotten,"
Bear us to highest tops of mountains green, for
 resting.
'Tis easy to fulfill the Venice of our visions,
 When my Storm Sprite comes to tea.
The Maud Monitor. *Virginia Smyth Nolen.*

FAMOUS AUTHORS.

Kipling sang of Tommy Atkins,
And Kilmer sang of Trees;
John J. Ingalls of green Grasses,
And Opportunities.

Eugene Ware of Washerwomen,
And Field of Boys in Blue;
John McCrae of fields in Flanders,
And Seeger, Rendezvous.

Whitcomb Riley sang of Sweethearts,
And Hay of Little Breeches;
Old Walt Whitman sang of Captains,
And Poe of weird witches.

Henry Polk Lowenstein.
The Excelsior Springs Call.

A VERMONT AUCTIONEER.

Whene'er an auction bill I see
On barn or hayscales, bridge or tree,
Or stuck outside the village store,
Or tacked against the gristmill door—
I wonder if the auction game
Is played the same, or 'bout the same,
As in those days of youthful cheer
When Albert Burk was auctioneer.

His lefthand eye had quite an ail,
But he could see enough to nail
The nod or wing or shoulder shrug
That sold the family pung or plug;
The only time he lost a bid
Was when he stopped to shift his quid;
If he was living now and here
The wise would say, "Some auctioneer."

It took a man to act as clerk,
When stuff was auctioned off by Burk;
I've seen him sell a farm and stock
And get all through by two o'clock.
One time he sold for Mason Flower
Jest sixty things in jest one hour;
He always run on the top-notch gear,
Al Burk, my boyhood auctioneer.

He'd hold a bedpost up and say,
"Now, ladies, kindly step this way—
I'll bet you all a pound of gum
No wingless beast has ever come
Within a mile, yes; call it two,
Of this fine bed I'll sell to you;
I'll guarantee it won't go dear,
Bid up and help the auctioneer."

Whate'er he tried to sell he sold,
He turned some awful truck to gold;
The things that wouldn't "leave the shelf."
He made a bluff to buy himself,
And when he sold a widder out
His pay was only half, about;
The Universalists fur and near
Was proud of Burk, the auctioneer.

He taught Hank White his merry trade
And so his own successor made;
Each year his fame, a rising tide,
Embraced new towns on every side.
'Tis said that as his end drew on
They heard him whisper, "Going, Gone!"
Thus sans reproche and void of fear
He lived and died an auctioneer.

Daniel L. Cady.

The Brattleboro Daily Reformer.

COUNTY FAIR.

Now will this green turf lose its splendid cloak,
Shorn of its grass by restless, tramping feet;
Feet that are weary of the stubble-fields
And the sting of summer heat.

The flapping banners on the snowy tents
Intrigue this curious throng of prairie folk;
The fairground smells and sounds have charm for
him

Who has shed the toiler's yoke.

For here he sees the horse that drags his plow;
The cow that gives him food; the cock that
crows;

Here he is filled with pride because of corn
Which has ripened on his rows.

Here he may see brown loaves his women baked;
Gaze upon fruit more luscious than his own—
See ripened grains that grew on hillside soil
Where his neighbor's seed was sown.

This is a time for red and green balloons,
Jockeys in colors, raucous trumpet shrieks;
Women that walk tight ropes in spangled gauze
And clowns with their chalky cheeks.

This is a holiday for toiling ones;
Hay has been cut and stored within the mow—
Barley and oats are safe within the shock
And man needs a playtime now!

Jay G. Sigmund.

The Cedar Rapids Gazette.

AS IT WAS IN *THE* BEGINNING.

A good old Hebrew prophet in Isaiah, Chapter
Three—

The time, about three thousand years ago—
Bemoaned the way the women made themselves
a sight to see,
And prophesied that it would work 'em woe.

In China stylish ladies plucked their eyebrows
thin and long—

It's been a thousand years or more, I find—
And solemn yellow Chinks averred that such a
stunt was wrong,
And ladies doing it were unrefined.

Old Chaucer, in his famous tales, tells all about
a dame

Whose dress looked like a field of fancy flowers;
He kids her for her vanity with pretty much the
same

Old line of bunk we use in razzing ours.

The writer Joseph Addison, in seventeen thirteen

Put out an essay on "The Female Neck."
He said that shocking ladies let too much of it
be seen,

And such exposure should be held in check.

It's not been sixty years since Lowell raised a
kindly howl

About the "half" they used to call "full dress."
When beauties showed their shoulders saintly
men put on a scowl—

It did a lot of good, now don't you guess?

It isn't long since letters from the boys who went
and fought

Would now and then express a shocked sur-
prise

At how the Froggie damsels wore their skirts so
very short,

Though some of us kept mum and filled our
eyes.

The guy who reads the headlines in the papers
of today
Can always find where someone takes a crack
At modern woman's lip-sticks, powder puffs and
scant array,
Especially the way she bares her back.
"A Pastor Hits at Fashions—Says 'Our women
should be taught
The evils of flesh stockings and bare knees.'"
The dear things smile, for they intend—and I
am sure they ought—
To just go right on dressing as they please!
The American Legion Weekly. S. Omar Barker.

THE SHINING STORY.

So often told through ages long
Has been the Christmas story,
In prose, in verse, in lilting song
And yet its pristine glory
Shines brighter with each coming year,
And each repeated telling.
Its halo glows through doubt and fear
For it is joy compelling!

The Virgin Mother, holy, sweet,
Who bends above the manger,
And noble Joseph, at the feet
Of Him he guards from danger;
The simple shepherds on the hill,
And the angelic strain—
Does to this day each bosom thrill
As it is told again.

The very words that tell the tale
Seem to have little wings.
Not white, but like a rainbow sail
That happy cargo brings.
The red of hope; the living green;
In blue a star of gold—
Illumine radiantly this scene
That never can grow old!

Mary Tarver Carroll.

The Montgomery Advertiser.

SEA DEVILS.

When the fishermen spread out their nets to dry
In the warmth of the summer sun
In the sweep of the wind neath the open sky
Where the starlings wheel, and the sea gulls cry
They tell strange stories of days gone by
And things they have seen and done.

They tell of adventurous storm-tossed lives
Of days when they had to hew
The fog apart with their scaling-knives
Till their fishing boats nosed through.

There were mermaids that fastened upon their
 lips
To suck out their dying souls;
There were winged sea-harpies that followed
 ships
And lured them on to the shoals.

There were sea-born devils that lay in wait
To capture their human prey
They dragged them down to a terrible fate
Far off from the light of day.

They tangled the anchors and clogged the oars
They conjured the black storm-clouds
And ships were guided to devil-shores
While devils wailed through the shrouds.

There are charms that the old witch-woman sells
So the devils are kept away,
Though no one believes what the old crone tells,
Yet we buy her pebbles and queer shaped shells,
And we learn to mumble her magic spells
For its best to be safe, they say.

The New York Times.

Violet McDougal.

MY GARDEN.

Out in my garden are beautiful flowers,
Growing from year to year;
Flowers of friendship, flowers of love,
All these I ever hold dear.

Far back in the days of the long ago,
When into this garden I came,
There was many a glorious, beautiful bloom,
That today is blooming the same.

Annuals, perennials, many perperuals—
Some grow in the heat and some in the cold;
Some bloomed but an hour, some but a day,
While others bloomed only when old.

But many a gorgeous bloom I found
Soon did wither and fade;
Some in the sunshine only would live,
While others throve best in the shade.

I learned to sow, if a harvest I'd reap,
And watch with tenderest care
That after showers, my beautiful flowers,
Had skies that were sunny and fair.

Good seed, good culture, and the richest of soil
If I'd gather the very best bloom,
Poor seed, poor soil and carelessly sown,
Could bring to me nothing but gloom.

Under dark clouds, and under fair skies,
I've ceaselessly worked with a will,
That all of the seed I've carefully sown
My garden of friendship may fill.

And now as I stroll in my garden so fair,
With Memory guiding me thru,
I pluck the choicest of all my flowers,
And find, dear friend, it is you.

Your growing friendship ever I'll prize,
And ask in your garden a spot,
To sow seed of a flower of diminutive size,
Just a little "forget-me-not."

The Oklahoma Mason. Annette Blackburn Ehler.

THE OX-TEAM.

There were red leaves, and dead leaves,
Upon the Southern trees;
And Spanish moss a-swaying
In the softest winter breeze.

There were sweet winds, and fleet winds
That swept across the swamp,
But I loved the patient ox-team
That came with stately pomp.

Such a long pull, and strong pull,
Their legs sunk to their knees.
I never dreamed a team could pull
The weight of twenty trees!

Then the road turned, the load turned,
The wagon rolled along,
And I heard a Southern darky
Quit his "Gee! Haw!" for a song!

There were red leaves, and dead leaves,
And hanging Spanish moss,
And a mockingbird a-singing
Where th' wild winds swept across.

But that lone team, that roan team
That tramped those woodland ways,
Brought memories of sweetness
From youth's dead yesterdays!

The Times-Picayune. Marshall Louis Mertens.

REMEMBRANCE.

I shall hang about your neck a chain of frozen
raindrops
And when love has warmed your heart into full
bloom
These cold jewels will melt and pour over your
radiant body
Reminding you of tears that I have shed.

The Times-Picayune.

Ray Valentine.

ANGLER.

I go a-fishing
With a willow rod
In a still river
By a field of God.

Sometimes the sinker
Is a leaden grief,
Sometimes the bait is
Shadow of a leaf.

Few the soft splashes
On a sunny day,
The circles widen mostly
When the skies are gray.

Even when returning
With no shining string,
I have watched the water
And heard the thrush sing.

Isabel Fiske Conant.

The Greensboro Daily News.

TIDES.

Here upon the shore I listen
To the waves that beat the strand;
And I see the constant glisten
Of the many-sided sand.

Comes the thought: my life is swaying
Like the tides below my feet,
Back and forth. Despite my praying,
Failure and success I meet.

Yet I trust, like tides of ocean
Should I leave the highest bound,
God will give me back devotion
Till His pardon I have found.

If the ebbing tide receding
Symbol is of woe or sin,
Surely grace for us is pleading
When the flowing tide comes in.

The La Jolla Journal.

Frederick M. Steele.

UNHASTE.

We who have looked on beauty and had sight
Of light beyond the vortices of light;
We who once irrevocably heard
In mystic word
Past hearing's power
Voices of an immutable hour,
We shall no more be hurriers. No breathless
 bringers we
Of some bright arrow-flying ecstasy.
For we have flung into Time's wolfish face
Our quiet challenge from an eternal place.
We can afford to wait
Early or late—
It may be now or in ten thousand years that pass
As in a looking-glass
The quest shall be attained. It matters not at all.
Who follow the horizon's kingly call
The while the clown-wit centuries dully go
Their singing selves shall know
And know and know and render still the song.
Their very dust shall endlessly belong
To that which surely lives. The intimate tides,
The comrade-breathing wind that rides
Through death to life—all things that move and
 flow
And win to life past death and deeply know—
Boundlessly know—the things no man can tell
Yet in him knows full well,
These shall companion us. We shall be safe at
 last
Where only dangers are—safe having passed
Confining shores to where the Seven Seas call
Childhearts, remembering all.
And when our foolish dust is blown from star
 to star
We leaning far
Shall laugh to seem so strangely dead
Drinking the wine of life, eating her bread.
The New York Times. *Mary Siegrist.*

THE MEDICINE WHEEL.

(Anthropologists have puzzled over a prehistoric emblem consisting of a perfect circle of rocks 74 feet across, apparently arranged by human hands on Bald Mountain in the Big Horns. It is called the medicine wheel, and is possibly an ancient place of worship.)

On a lofty peak of the Big Horn range
The wind-swept slopes reveal
A relic that centuries does not change
Nor wind nor wanderer dis-arrange—
The Indian Medicine wheel.

In the golden glow of long ago
Did a bronzed old warrior kneel
With bare arms raised to the sunset glow,
He prayed the secret of Life to know
And for knowledge bless and to heal.

And while the chieftain prayed for a sign,
A whirlwind swept the peak,
And arranged the rocks in strange design
To be evermore a healing shrine
For the Indian tribes to seek.

A circle true was all criss-crossed thru
In a manner bound to appeal
To a savage raised in wild ways
As he prayed to the sign whereon he gazed,
The magical Medicine-wheel.

The Indian braves the emblem found,
And they gather for woe or weal.
And the war drums sound by this hallowed ground
As with bended backs all dance around
The historical Medicine-wheel.

From the rocks a rustling whisper comes
Like the stir of moccasined feet.
And the brooding silence sometimes hums
With the roll of the partridges muffled drums,
Where the war drums once did beat.

The Inland Oil Index.

Roy Churchill Smith.

THE COMING O' SPRING.

When the winter snows are melting,
And the cold northern winds depart,
When perfume-laden air of spring
Stirs primeval joy in the heart,
New life awakens within me
And growing each day more strong,
Bids me follow and wander free
Where my soul is wont to long.

With the rushing of the rivers
And the passing of dark gray clouds,
With the first fair wind that quivers
The new born buds within their shrouds,
Nature calls with all her powers
That instill in the hearts of men
Love of the streams, wilds and flowers,
Luring me back to *live* again.

Then come leaves of feathery green
Dainty, fairy-like fans of spring,
The tinted maple's magic sheen—
Nature's brush on everything,
Painting the fields, hills and hollow;
Then my tired, care-worn mind awakes—
And at last I joyfully follow
The stream where the speckled trout breaks.

The Detroit Free Press.

J. Roy Zeiss.

A SESSHU PRINT.

'Tis nothing but a landscape
By an oriental seer;
A thing of crags and torrents,
And a river with a weir;
A fisher in a flat-boat,
A temple roof afar—
And pines above the willow tree,
And mountains and a star.

But the artist had a secret
And he's left it now with me;
The fisher isn't fishing—
He's just drifting lazily.

The Austin American.

John Emmet.

SEA GULL.

What world lies deep in your wings, gray gull?
What ultimate beauty is this you bring
As though a sculptor's hand had suddenly reached
 out
And fashioned you—
As though the eternal lovers
Had somehow uttered you?

But hark! What frozen cry is this that you shrill
 to the skies
Remote and alien and unsatisfied?
One with the restless swirl of green waters,
One with the shreds of torn vapors,
One with the wind-blown spray,
One with the dim unconscious aeons when God
Was a hunger of beak and claws.
Oh, come not near!
And break a dream of inner loveliness.
But now wings slowly come to rest upon the
 sand—
Hard eyes look hungrily—
A yellow beak with its red stain of blood
Tear's horribly at a cod's mauled head.

What wild hard things speak from your yellow
 eyes?
The mist is a kindly thing, the sea has a com-
 forting word
But you—you are rapacious incredible things . . .
You are a part of the inherent malice of life
That has torn out the hearts of the mystics
And fashioned the crosses for prophets. . . .

Will you never cry God, gray gull?
Will you never learn love at all?

O, wings that are made of the sunrise and mist,
Of far clean reaches of sea and sky,
Will not the cry of some child alone in the night,
Not the unending heartbreak of lovers,
Not desolate homes nor the cry of the mothers
Avail to fashion for you a soul?

When man shall have garnered the whole of himself,
And can look on your greed with a pitiful eye
Will love draw you into its circle at last?
Or will the monotonous moan of the sea
One day compel you utterly
And what will you cry in that hour?
What will you be, gray gull, when the sea
And the sky and love have their way with you?
What beautiful thing will you be?
The New York Times. *Mary Siegrist.*

SONGS TO GHOSTS.

I.

(I MAY GO.)

There's a stalwart ghost with curly hair;
His chest is broad and his throat is bare
And I'll go with him if he's waiting there
Where the hill drops down to the river.

And up on the river road we'll pass;
His feet will whisper in the grass
And we'll steer to the mountains' distant mass
Where the springs flow down to the river.

From the other side we'll send back a song—
Where the ghost and I and the others belong,
You will hear when the river floats it along;
For our song will come down with the river.

II.

(I SHOULD ENJOY A TRIUMPHAL RETURN.)

And the trackless path of the Northern Lights
May be the final road I take
When I at last come home;
They will loom and play and shake
Above the arm of Norwottuck and Nonotuck
That nudges the meadow with its crook,
And is tipped by the torch of Tom.

In a rapid silence I'll be bound,
And turban'd like a polar king;
In the formless chariots
I'll be riding with Chaos and fling
A mocking song at the roaring world I once
thought still—
A song of the half-moon's golden thrill
And the full-moon's leaden spots.

III.

(THERE IS A DIFFICULTY ABOUT GOING.)

There's a silver ghost with hair unbound;
She loves to walk in the fields, white-gowned,
And she sleeps in a country palace, uncrowned,
For want of a king for a lover.
And she is free when the sun comes up
And keeps her so till the hour to sup
When she puts a smile in the goodnight cup
To strengthen the heart of her lover.
She took a sick world and made it whole;
For her and for me she has won free toll,
For the world she heartened is kind to her soul
And kind to lover and lover.

The Springfield Republican. *Edward Richards.*

THANKSGIVING.

We thank Thee, Lord, and render praise
For many gifts and length of days;
For benefits and joys apace,
For happiness by Thy good grace,
For friends and kindred and for home
That we, like many, need not roam
Afar in alien lands. We greet
With thankful hearts our Lord. We meet
In reverent communion sweet,
To bow before the mercy seat.
All that we are or have we bring
With thankful hearts to our great king.
We praise and thank, rejoice and pray
On this our own Thanksgiving Day.

The Kansas City Star.

Mary R. Ellis.

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I express my gratitude and obligations to the following publishers and authors for the material used in this book.

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Mr. Roesner was born in Denver, Colo., 1874. Educated at the State Normal School, Chico, Calif., and the University of California. Farmer and writer. Interested in poetry, sociology, hunting and fishing. Home, Live Oak, Calif.

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Helen Emma Maring (Mrs. Theodore B. Samsel) was born in Seattle, Wash. Educated at the University of Washington. Has to her credit 340 published poems. Editor of "Muse and Mirror," a journal of verse. She has been represented in each annual volume of this Anthology. Home, Seattle, Wash.

THE ARKANSAS GAZETTE, Little Rock,
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Mr. Morris was born in Iola, Kansas. He is a railroad roadmaster. His poems have been widely copied, and some have been set to music. Home, Dermott, Arkansas.

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Mr. Barker was born in Beulah, New Mexico, 1894. Educated at Normal University, Las Vegas, New Mex. Professor of English in same. Poet and short story writer. Home, Los Vegas, New Mexico.

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Mr. Price was born in Oakington, Md., 1875. Manufacturers' Agent. Founder Verse Writers' Guild of Maryland. Editor of "Interludes," a journal of poetry. Home, Baltimore, Md.

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Mr. Goodenough was born at Brattleboro, Vt., 1871. He is a farmer and writer, the author of several books of poems. Home, West Brattleboro, Vt.

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 Mr. Jenkins was born in Boston, 1901. Author of "Open Shutters." Home, Danvers, Mass.
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 Mr. Smith was born in Malta, Ill., 1866. Educated at Beloit College, Fairfield College, Cotner University. He is a member of the faculty of Drake University. Author of textbooks, serials, and poems. Home, Des Moines, Iowa.
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 Mary Sinton Leitch was born in New York City, 1876. Educated at Smith College, Columbia University, and in France and Germany. Books: Translation of "The Love Letters of Bismarck," "The Wagon and the Star." Home, Lynnhaven, Va.
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Mr. Lawder was born in Scioto County, Ohio. Occupation, merchant tailor. Author, "Editorials in Verse." Home, Champaign, Ill.

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Miss Field was born at Oxford Junction, Iowa. Violinist. Her interests are music, nature and literature. Home, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

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Miss Elliston was born at Mt. Sterling, Ky. Educated at Covington (Ky.) High School. On staff of the Times-Star. Author of books of poetry. Home, Ft. Thomas, Ky.

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Alma O'Neill (Alma O'Neill Platz) was born in Cincinnati. Actress and Author. Niece of James O'Neill, Cousin of Eugene O'Neill, the playwright. Home, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Judge Shipp was born in Petersburg, Ill., 1864. Graduate Georgetown Law School, 1885. Author: "Intermountain Folk," "Range Land Melodies." Lawyer, Reader, Lecturer. Home, Casper, Wyo.

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Mr. Ziess is a native of Detroit. Poet and short story writer. Home, Detroit, Mich.

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Judge Lowenstein was born in Monroe County, Tenn. Author of "Memorial Poems." His poems have been widely copied. Home, Kansas City, Mo.

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Mr. Ferguson was born in Delphi, N. Y. Educated at Drew Theological Seminary. Editor. Author of many works on prohibition. Home, Franklin, Pa.

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Born in Wellesley, Mass. Author of "Many Wings," Home, New York City.

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Mrs. Lipp was born in Webster, Kansas. Educated at Colorado College, and the University of Louisiana. Home, Shaw, Miss.

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Mrs. Nolan was born in Eufaula, Okla. Her interests are Indians, human nature and the oil fields. Home, Healdton, Okla.

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Sanford Wayne Gard was born in Brocton, Ill., 1899. Educated at Jacksonville (Ill.) High School, and Illinois College (A. B.). Spent some time in Burma on the faculty of the Cushing High School, at Rangoon. At present a member of the faculty of Northwestern University, Chicago. Home, Evanston, Ill.

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Mr. Seymour was born in Jersey City, N. Y., 1878. Accountant and Lawyer. Founder of "The Order of Bookfellows," an international organization of lovers of fine books and better literature. Founder and past president of the Empire State Society of Chicago. An authority on fine book making. Home, Chicago, Ill.

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Mr. Kearns is a member of the faculty of the Illinois Woman's College. Member of the Bookfellows, and literary editor of local papers. His poems have appeared in the leading poetry journals and magazines. Home, Jacksonville, Ill.

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Mr. Henderson graduated from Harvard in 1921. His present home is at Kengtung, in northeastern Burma.

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Rev. Crowson was born in Sheridan, Ark., 1890. Minister. State Chaplain American Legion. Educated in Oklahoma Baptist University and Southern Methodist University. Author of a book of poems. Residence, Carnegie, Okla.

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Mr. Wren was born in Axtell, Kansas, 1885. He is a free lance writer. Home, Kansas City, Mo.

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Mrs. Edelman was born in County Tipperary, Ireland. She is the author of many poems that have been widely copied. Some of her poems have been set to music, and one has been sung for Victrola records by Madame Homer. Home, Kansas City, Mo.

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Mr. Walker was born in Shelton, Neb. He is an architect. Poet Laureate of Kansas. Home, Eldorado, Kansas.

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Mr. Steele was born in Albany, N. Y. Educated in New England. Retired. For years a National Officer of the Mayflower Society. Home, Los Angeles, California.

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Miss Eckman was born in Lancaster, Pa., 1903. Educated at Stevens High School, and Millersville Normal School. Teacher. Home, Lancaster, Pa.

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Mr. Seal has published a number of books of his poems. His poems are widely copied and have received very flattering reviews in many widely distributed papers. Home, Columbus, Indiana.

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Mr. Pratt was born in River Falls, Wis., 1879. Editor of the Overland Monthly, San Francisco, Calif. Author of "Hill Trails and Open Sky." Home, Alameda, California.

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Mr. Fandel was born in Aedhternach, Luxembourg, 1859, and came to America in 1871. Salesman, playwright and dramatic critic. Home, St. Paul, Minn.

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Born in Enon, Alabama. Homemaker. Officer State Federation of Woman's Clubs. Author of "Renewal." Home, Ozark, Alabama.

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Clarissa Brooks Jenks (Mrs. C. L. Jenks) was born at Adrian, Kansas, 1880. Educated at Midland College, George Washington University, and American School of Osteopathy. Home, Worcester, Mass.

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Mrs. Montgomery was born at Washington, Ga. Educated at Mary Baldwin Seminary. Member Authors' League, Poetry Society, League of American Pen Women, D. A. R., U. D. C. Winter residence, Brooklyn, N. Y. Summer residence at Riverside, Conn.

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Mrs. Rice is director of "Book and Craft," New York. An official in many literary and poetry societies. Member of the Poetry Society, and the Authors' League. Home, New York City.

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Born in Johnstown, Pa. Educated in Millersville State Normal Teachers' College, Columbia University. Art Editor. Home, New York City.

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Mrs. Owens was born in Wales. Her early education was in London. Graduate Vassar College, class of 1900. Wife of a banker. Interests are music, home and poetry. Home, Courtland, N. Y.	
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Mr. Schuster was born in Rockford, Ill. Literary editor The Oakland Tribune. Has just finished his first 1,000 daily short stories for the George Matthew Adams, and Bell Syndicates. Home, Berkeley, Calif.	
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Miss McDougal is Poet Laureate of Oklahoma. Her home is in Sapulpa, Okla.	
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Mr. Van Dusen is Chief Clerk United Gas Improvement Co. Author "Songs of a Life and Love." Home, Philadelphia, Pa.	

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Marie Tello Phillips has made an enviable record as a poet, beginning her writing in 1918 she has had poems published in the leading poetry journals. Her poems have been in all of the six annual editions of "The Anthology of Newspaper Verse," in Mason's "Some Pittsburgh Memories," "A Wreath to Edwin Markham," a Bookfellow book, and in "Duffee's Whispering Leaves Anthology." Her "Book of Verses" has met with a kind reception. She holds office in many leading literary associations, poetry societies, etc. Home, Pittsburgh, Pa.

**THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS, Denver,
Colorado.**

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Ferril* 60**

Mr. Ferril was born in Denver, 1896. A. B. Colorado College. Dramatic editor. Home, Denver, Colo.

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Francisco, Calif.**

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Mrs. Mezquida was born in San Francisco. Author of "A-Gypsyng." Poet. Home, San Francisco, Calif.

**THE SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER, San
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To My Mother, *Miriam Allen de Ford* 92

Miriam Allen de Ford was born in Philadelphia, Pa. Educated at Wellesley College, Temple University, and University of Pennsylvania. Press correspondent. Home, San Francisco, Calif.

**THE SANTA ANA DAILY REGISTER, Santa
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Author of "Luther Burbank, Plant Lover and Citizen." Home, Healdsburg, Calif.

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Mr. Chamberlain was an early settler of South Dakota. Author "Songs of the Sioux." Teacher and writer. Columnist and poet. Home, Yankton, S. D.

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Literary editor The Globe-Democrat.

THE TRADESMAN, Lansing, Mich.

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Mr. Heath was born in Stockbridge, Mass., 1860. Graduate Williams College, 1882. Trustee Chicago Academy of Sciences. Trustee McCormack Theological Seminary. Trustee First Presbyterian Church, Chicago. Member University Club. Secretary Class of 1882 Williams College. Vice President Michigan Society. Seed merchant 1882 to 1922. Home, Chicago, Illinois.

THE TIMES-PICAYUNE, New Orleans, La.

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THE TORONTO SUNDAY WORLD, Toronto,
Ontario.

Deerhurst — In the Highlands of Ontario,
Millard S. Burns 18

Mr. Burns was born in Buffalo, N. Y., 1854. He is president of Padburn, Inc., wholesale lumber. Warden Protestant Episcopal Church. Mr. Burns spends his summers at his lodge at Deerhurst. Home, Buffalo, New York.

THE VIRGINIAN PILOT, Lynchburg, Va.

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Mr. Moreland was born in Norfolk, Va., 1880. Cashier City Water Department, Norfolk. Editor "Lyric," a magazine of verse. Author of "Red Poppies in the Wheat." Home, Norfolk, Va.

I acknowledge the receipt of the following Books of Poems by Press Poets published during 1924:

DUFFEE, MAY M. *Whispering Leaves Anthology*. Washington C. H., Ohio. The Author, 1924.

EMMONS, ELISE. *The Parliament of Birds and Other Poems*. Boston: The Christopher Publishing House, 1924.

FISHER, ARTHUR WILLIAM. *Niagara and Other Poems*. Boston: The Christopher Publishing House, 1924.

SEAL, LYNAS CLYDE. *Garden of Song*. Boston: The Christopher Publishing House, 1924.

WILLIAMS, GEORGIA RUSS. *Red-Woods*. Ferndale, Calif. The Author, 1924.

THE ANTHOLOGY

THE ANTHOLOGY OF NEWSPAPER VERSE FOR 1919.

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78 authors.

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THE ANTHOLOGY OF NEWSPAPER VERSE FOR 1924.

Contains 151 poems from 79 newspapers by
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